



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. I.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

No mind doth shape itself to its own wants.

When you are doubtful as to whether an act be good or bad, beware of doing it.—Zoroaster.

The value of a thought can not be told; but is clearly worth a thousand lives like many men's.—P. J. Bailey.

Men are struggling to realize dim ideals of right and truths, and each failure adds to the desperate earnestness of their efforts.

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.—Henry T. Tuckerman.

The religion of love is the highest form of religion; and the more ardent and comprehensive his affection, the more truly religious is the man. A disposition of universal benevolence marks the truly religious man.—Rev. John A. Wilson.

The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, philosophy, and religion, all in one.—Ruskin.

We want a poetry which shall speak in clear, loud tones to the people; a poetry which shall make us more in love with our native land, by converting its ennobling scenery into the images of lofty thoughts; which shall make us love man by the new consecrations it sheds on his life and destiny.—E. L. Whipple.

Spring still makes Spring, within the mind
When sixty years are told,
Love makes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old.

Over the Winter glaciers
I see the Summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snow-drift
The warm rosebuds below.

—Emerson.

We can not add to our knowledge an acquaintance with the life and character of any man or woman who has done well upon the earth, seeking for truth and doing righteousness, without adding something to our force of righteous will, something to our ability to resist the solicitations of our low ambitions and impure desires.—John W. Chadwick.

If we learn the lesson of the flowers and the stars, we shall not be just alone, according to human law or human demand, not cold and calculating and rigid in our justice; a different, a purer, kinder spirit will pervade our hearts. At least we shall wish or strive or pray to be ourselves fit inhabitants of a world of beauty, fit associates of its loveliness, so that the universe shall not be thought to reproach us for lives and characters inconsistent with our dwelling place.—Ed. Buckingham.

Last Tribute of Respect and Love to the Mortal Life of Mrs. Irene S. Carrier.

BY MRS. E. L. WATSON.

Voluntary on the organ. Song, "She's crossed the shining river."

INVOCATION.

Eternal Spirit, Thou inflowing love, Thou in whom is contained all being and who doth compass the mystery of life and death, and whose loving care bounds time and eternity—Thy presence fills this place; we feel Thy life in our throbbing hearts; we know Thy love hath wrought this change in our beloved, and that the darkness of sorrow in which these Thy children sit this hour, is softened by hope and trust in Thee.

Sweet Spirit! we thank Thee for life and the changes to which it is subject here, for we know that in all these changes Thy life and love are manifest; and even as in the first birth-throes that gave this beautiful being her place on earth, so in the spirit agony which we now endure we recognize the birth-throes by which a new life is carried forward into the realm of beauty and holiness.

O Spirit! we thank Thee for the prophecies that have burned through the darks of all time, and the breathings of hope which have made human sorrow bearable. We thank Thee that in the Gethsemane of every life the angels do come and minister. We thank Thee that unto her, our beloved sister, who is not dead but arisen in the glory of a new life, there came the hope, the promise—nay, the blessed certainty that Thy life reigned in death, and that Thy love would go forward with the free soul into the hereafter—whose mystery is so deep to our minds, but is now unraveled to her to whom the change has come.

Spirit of the universe, we pray that into this hour of bitter grief thou wilt pour such assurance of tender care, such sweet promises, such fulfillments of love's prophecies, that these hearts which seem like to break may be healed as by heavenly dew; that these lives so deeply touched by sorrow, may grow radiant with the light of Thy truth. O, help them to remember what a little span our earth life is, and give them patience to measure it in such a manner as, when ended, it shall bring them nearer to Thee, and in reunion and communion with their beloved.

Touch their lives with new hope, and help them to realize that Thy truth and love hath wrought this change which men call death, and that it is the birth of a soul to new and high conditions; the intensifying of all her normal powers, the preservation of every treasure of love.

O, let the angel breathings which tremble on the air this hour find echo in their hearts; help them to feel the reality of that spirit world which lieth all about them, and to remember that it is not a foreign land to which our loved one has voyaged as a stranger, but a country peopled with our dear ones who have gone on before; that no human being lays down the burden of life in this world and passes on into the reality of the next without welcoming voices to greet them there, the extension of hands, tender and true, to lead them to pleasant places, without a home prepared. Help them to remember that the path which leads thither is a way by which the traveler may return, and that Thou hast set up no impassable barrier between our beloved angels and our own hearts, but that we may still remain in sweet communion with them; that their memory shall live with us in a tangible form, and that our lives here on earth are but preparatory for that sphere of being which awaits.

Divine Spirit, Thou wilt minister according to their need. Oh, let them behold the sweet symbols that spring wherever life on the earth is ended; let them behold the light that penetrates the darkness of the chamber of death; let them behold the sweet company whose veiled faces now shine with joy, at the change which has come to our beloved; let them realize that to her the change is beautiful; that where as once she shrank from death with a feeling that this life was too sweet to leave, now she has learned that she needs nothing that was beautiful, or dear; she may still hold to her heart her beloved ones; still labor for their happiness. Death is only the opening of life's flower.

Minister Thou to those sorrowing hearts in Thine own sweet way; we know our tears are but the dew that refreshes the flowers of spirituality in the human mind; we know our sighs but help to bear us nearer to the fair and pure realms which await our spirits evermore.

Song: "It lies around us like a cloud, a land we do not see."

ADDRESS.

"There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Dear friends, the mystery of death is not greater than the mystery of life. With a cry of pain we are ushered into this world; we dream our little dream; we pursue our ever varying ideals, from one to another in eager haste, on and on, and all come at last to just such an hour as this, when all the wild fever of hope, the dream of love, seems to vanish forever and leave only this little mark of our having been. And yet into the mystery of life hath come beams of light from a world which our human eyes do not see; sweet thrills which tell us of the reality of a life beyond the grave. Into the mystery of death have come beams of light, breathings of tender hope, sweet whisperings full of promise, and, as we listen closer to these we have come to believe, nay, to know, that the care which provided for our coming into this world, provided also for our passing from it into another condition of life, by which all that was

bright and fair in this is perpetuated for evermore.

These beams of light, these blessed whisperings came to our beloved sister. She lived her life, full of hope and joy; a beam of light wherever she went, carrying with her the music of a rich, sweet nature, the fragrance of a pure heart, the benedictions of a loving spirit.

That she did not feel ready to go should be a precious thought to you, dear friends, this hour, for it tells of a life made happy by your own ministrations and your love. Had she been in haste to leave it, thinking that there was something better over there than she held here, you might then feel a bitter sting in this hour of your parting. While she was full of confidence in the to be, she also felt the fullness, the beauty and the joy of the life that is. You helped to make it so for her, and this should be a blessed comfort to you in this hour. O, friends, death is not the saddest thing in life, but to live our life unworthily, and to feel when the hour of parting comes that we have left much undone which we ought to have done, and that our work has been so imperfect in the past. The saddest thought in death must be that we have not made this life what we ought. No such thoughts could have shadowed our sister's soul in those solemn hours when she felt herself nearing the other shore, and yet clung tenderly, almost convulsively, to your own, feeling that she could not let this world go, since it held so much that was beautiful and dear.

To-day, while we sympathize with every thought of grief, and deeply feel what it must be to you to think of her now as a being somewhat removed from your sphere of life, one who has been so closely associated with you in all your joys and sorrows, yet there is a thrill of joy that passes through our heart that seems but an echo of her thought, as we feel how true it is that life is still to her a sweet reality. We cannot speak of her as a being who *was*, but rather as a being who *is*, who has undergone a change which we all must meet with sooner or later; a being who has now tasted the reality of that faith in which she met the change; whose heart was all love; whose brain was all sweet thought; whose deeds were all of tenderness—we must think of her, not as turned to pulseless clay, but rather as an escaped prisoner who feels no pang, except that of sympathy with your deep sorrow. And Oh! if you could realize with us to-day what the change is to her, how full of rejoicing would your hearts be, in place of the sacred sorrow by which you are overwhelmed.

Our beloved friend had already tasted the sweet joy of God's truth; she had caught tender glimpses of the dear realities which await us as immortal spirits over there; she had received signals from the dear ones gone before which she recognized and rightly interpreted to her own heart, so that death for her had no terror. It was the thought of leaving her beloved, it was the thought of the good that she would still like to do here in this world, that made the dying sad. Lay it to your hearts, sweet friends, that before the last pulses of that tender heart had ceased to stir the bosom, she had caught fair visions of the other side, of dear ones gone before, who unveiled their smiling faces to her. Though she could give you no clear indication of the same, still she felt, before the joy of the earth life was done, the joy of the heavenly life flowing in upon her heart.

Dear friends, when you come to read aright these symbols of death you will see they are the symbols of change which are found everywhere in the realm of nature, and to humanity has come the truth that the change so much dreaded, is a change for the betterment of every portion of the being; that that which we have called death is in reality birth; that it is an intensifying of all the faculties of which we are already aware. And it is, also, the setting at liberty of other faculties of which we only have slight indications, slight signals of their existence in our common life. And to her, our beloved friend, these truths had made themselves known already. She was feeling how sweet it is to know that the angel world lies all about us; she realized in this change the workings of God's love, and looked forward to it with no dread. Be ye comforted in this thought, and know

that while she clung tenderly and fast to your hands, longing to perpetuate her life of love with you on earth, that before the great change came to her, reconciliation and resignation had also come, and that she remembered in the last hour that to die was not to cease to live, was not to cease to love, was not to cease to minister to those she loved. And recognizing in the dissolution of her physical form here the fact that this weakness would debar her from the performance of those acts, which make life beautiful or desirable in this world, she loosened her moorings here and sailed out upon the crystal sea with a smile, and would waft you this hour her tender, joyous greeting.

Ah, the sweet life that she lived will remain in your memory always. She did not live in vain; she did not take up the burden and the joy of being here without gratitude, without humility, without tenderness, without patience—all this was a part of her life. She will live in your thoughts, she will live in your love—aye, it is to be hoped that she will live in your deeds; and not only this, but the seeds she planted of goodness and charity, the sweet music of her voice—all these remain in the world in which you live, as well. And in the change that has come to her not a whit of the life is lessened, not a power has been chilled or dimmed, but rather an increase in the tenderness of her heart, a deepening in the joy of her face, a brightening in the sweetness of her spirit, and an intensity which was not known here.

We know, how, whenever she entered a room there was a stir of sweet and sunny thoughts. We know, how, in her household she sat as queen. We know, how, as daughter she ministered; how day after day the blossoms of her tenderness twined around the weary, aged form of that beloved mother, and made her feel that her last days were best. We know, how, as wife she nestled in her purity and perfect trust close to the heart of your being. We know, how, as mother she bore the burdens of her maternity with cheerfulness and thanksgiving; and as a sister how she interwove her life with yours; how her words of encouragement made you happy and strong in your hours of grief and desolation; how the brightness of her spirit flashed across the dark of your despair. We know wherever her footsteps fell there sprang sweet spirit immortelles in the path to breathe their fragrance evermore.

And knowing this we understand how you will miss her; but oh! in this mourning and in this sorrow remember that if you calm your grief, if you hold precious hopes, which made her passing away so beautiful, it will comfort her as well. That world beyond is not free from shadows; the shadow of a mourner's heart passes across that country too, and your tears will make lonely sound there if she knows your heart cannot be comforted. Do not speak of her, friends, as a being who has been and is not now. Do not say, our beloved *was* good, *was* true, *was* loving, *was* kind; but say, she *is* our sister still, she *is* our guest, she *is* our ministering angel; her love shall flash across our way when it is darkened by deepest mortal gloom; her sweet spirit voice shall steal into the twilight hours of our life and breathe encouragement again; her sweet and blooming spirit will still cheer and comfort us.

The message of her life is carved in your hearts. We need not recount her deeds of love; they shine in your minds to-day as clear as a radiant summer morning. We need not picture what that life was in the innocent girlhood, in the mature and ripened womanhood, in the rare last days of her life in which she longed to minister to those she loved. Bear to your bosom this hour the sweet faith that made that change beautiful to her; let it comfort you with the thought that God's love reigns in death as in life, and that it will be but a few days at the longest before a reunion between those she leaves behind and her own sweet spirit shall take place, where parting is no more.

"Your father is entirely bald, isn't he?" said a man to a son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sadly: "I'm the only heir he has left."

SAYINGS OF PAGANS.

CHINESE.

He who knows others is wise. He who knows himself is enlightened.

He who conquers others is strong He who conquers himself is mighty.

He who knows when he has enough is rich. He who dies but perishes not, enjoys longevity.

He who drops his head hearing praise, and is glad to be told of his faults is a sage.

They are happy who can return to their father and mother the care they received from them in their infancy. Still more happy are they who can return to them their smiles and caresses, and feel the same love. Old age is sometimes a second childhood; why may not filial piety repeat parental love?

HINDOO.

Things of no value usually make a great noise. Gold does not yield any such resonance as brass.

To speak so that the meaning may easily enter the mind, to discern the subtlest thought in the words of others,—this is wisdom.

What is beauty without good behavior? What is night without the moon? What is fluent speech without the gift of poetry?

Not in a perturbed mind does wisdom spring.

Him, whose mind has gone to decay, engage and entertain with the past; the simpleton with the future; but the wise man with the present.

He that has no native wit of his own, but has simply studied much, knows the meaning of his books no more than the ladle the taste of the broth.

PERSIAN.

Never allow the praise of a friend to conceal from you your own faults; for to his eye, be sure, those faults will seem merits.

Lay thy face low on the threshold of truth.

Whatever jewels thou wear on thy brow, only humility can give them their luster. To that talisman, Paradise opens its gates, and to it opens the heart of man. Dear to all hearts is he whom lowliness exalts; his bending is the graceful droop of the branch laden with fruit.

Rectitude is the means of conciliating the divine favor. I never saw anyone lost on a straight road.

He needs no other rosary, whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

Say to the austere and uncivil bee—when you cannot afford honey do not sting.

One scabby goat infects the flock.

A correspondent of the Ventura (Cal.) Signal gives the following reasons "Why Women Demand the Ballot." "First, because it is their right; second, because it is their duty; third, their own interest requires it; fourth, the interest of humanity calls for it; fifth, the welfare of the nation depends on it. Any woman in this enlightened age of the world who feels indifferent in regard to this all-important subject, either ignorantly or willfully, neglects a duty and disregards the interests of humanity and the welfare of the nation. It is counted no credit to women these days to say, 'I have all the rights I want.' It but shows that the higher faculties lie dormant, and that their idea of duty is very limited. *Ego* is all—the welfare of humanity does not concern them."

How simple, yet how complex, Christ's idea of duty! It is love to God and man; from this root all goodness flows. Love to God, including singleness of purpose, devout consecration, filial obedience, grateful dependence; love to man, including all humanities and philanthropies, fidelity to every trust. As brooks from a thousand springs combine in one river, so a thousand forms of human goodness become one in generous, grateful love. Love fulfills the law, carries out every commandment. He who lives in that spirit has the simplicity which is in Christ; yet how multiform its manifestations, how complex its expression!—James Freeman Clarke.

RIGHTS OF UNMARRIED MEN.

[AN APOLOGY.]

Frank Rose Starr in Golden Era for September.

Articles have appeared within the year discussing the rights of "married men," of "married women," of "unmarried women," etc., but as yet no champion or alarmist invokes attention to "rights" of the unmarried men. Haply you say they deserve none, and we should not appeal upon questions of fact.

Not all articles referred to dealt with "rights" in a strictly Blackstonian or archological sense—the vested or inherent—but rather as appertaining to sociology, under whose broader mean "rights," so-called, dwindle rather into vague "conditions" wrought of her infinite customs and usages. Let us pursue the same tenor.

Held—In married men vs. the unmarried, that the latter are, in a measure, economic nonentities, unworthy of quarter or commiseration at the hands of the allied hosts who walk in double harness. Let it not be supposed that attack is premeditated upon the matrimonial position or a scoff leveled at its beatitudes. Far be it from us, who never cease to deplore our singleness of condition. Apologists only, we crave quarter at the hands of those who—we hope to remind, but are fearful we shall not conclusively show—should be most willing to yield it. We do not include in our category of "Les Miserables" young men who are wholly or in part dependent upon their parents, or those who have not acquired, as yet, sufficient tact and skill to constitute them *sole* in pursuit of life's remorseless entities; it would be suicidal to lay the axe at the root of the young, blossoming tree. Mind or matter of material use has value. The slave, albeit a slave, is fed, clothed and conserved for his recompensing labor. Are these his rights, vested or customary, or simply his inherited necessities garmented with the word? Are not these like the ink and parchment of the "bill of rights" you accord to unmarried men? Until he has gained verity of citizenship, assuring socio-legal protection by taking to himself a wife, is he not like unto the patriarchal cattle upon a thousand hills—to be slaughtered metaphorically, "for the hides and tallow?" The answer comes, lit with the retributive flash: "Why not marry, then, and rehabilitate yourselves? so, truly, ye social Ishmaelites!"

The lady author of "rights of married men" having finished housework, sits down to indite and enthuse upon the "next best thing," "The Independence of Women." She touches the proprieties, enlarges upon the needs, waxes eloquent on (manifest) results, and the climax is "the self-supporting young woman," a blessed American, conditional success!

Well may the unmarried man exclaim: "Blessed art thou, sister, with the will and disposition to achievement; we have need of thee to round off our visible incompleteness; united we would be invincible." The houseworker, the factory-girl, the needleworker, the seminary graduate (too cultivated for manual labor, but essaying the quasi glories of authorship) read, think and are convinced. A woman convinced, is truly a "rebellious ore." Marriage, inferentially at least, is held up to be a partial surrendering of this rare vision of independence—inviting defeat, "flying in the face of providence." Can this beautiful, high-minded, industriously disposed semicreation enter into matrimony with one not notorious or wealthy without committing a species of treason, acknowledging a hidden weakness, an indisposition to strive, a faint heart, a laxity of ambition, a fear of the future? No. She will labor for a pittance and preserve a certain independence. A well-known writer has said: "There are some things a woman can do well,—yes, perfectly, but not business. A housewife is the noblest of all women." There are thousands of bright, beautiful and "domestic" young ladies in the city, who will soon be settled old maids, piling year on year in semi-menial toil, who do not, for they cannot, marry the young, strong, and would-be ambitious men, who are receiving five times their salaries at fixed trades and vocations, not so much because of this dry crust of "independence," but that married people, while social almoners in theory, are repressionists in practice! The married lady vouchsafes (not from experience we trust) to the single: "The men are so wild, improvident, unreasoning; look what they spend from year to year, and have nothing; though much may be evident, nothing is tangible, so to speak. They are social Ishmaelites."

Hath Ishmael the green hills and well-watered vales of Palestine whereon to bestow his love and substance and rear walled cities? No. His are the shifting sands of Arabia where love and accumulations are swept away in the daily simoom. He draws brackish water from the deep well with pain and disgust. As his lips touch the insipid draught his eyes behold beyond the rim of the cup the hoped-for land, the fruitful land and the walled city. The desert is his only; it gives him the mirage-vision. He cannot will but to see it!

The married man says, in egotism—forgetting that without his wife he is as other men: "I am the only 'fixture' in the socio-politic filament worthy of notice. Unmarried men should be heavily taxed; subversion and repression are matters of conscience with me. To him that hath shall

be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that he seemeth to have." 'It is better that the hand should be cut off (and given to me) than that the whole body should be cast into hell.' I owe you so much for carrying out slabs in my sawmill, but you have no family, as I have these hard times, and if I pay it, you will go over to the county fair and throw it away. It will do you no good.' One of our experiences. What commendable foresight, even in a married man! Let us not be profane, but, as the old Dessauer used to say: "How, in God's name, can he ever change his condition at that rate!" "Where, withal, shall the young man cleanse his way?" This passage, alone, proves, conclusively to us that the scriptures are inspired.

Where does the married man honor his victorious wreath when borrowing (?) from day to day the substance of the single, and often making his unhappy wife's back the counter upon which he displays the lengths and breadths of his personal necessities? Is the ostrich wholly hidden because his head is in the sand? He thinks so, and of all others is the first to add his *mot* and covert panoply of winks when he hears the single man disparaged—verily, "he gives his voice against them." Better be single forever, than like him; better be poorly independent, than his wife.

Society has envroned him with statutes meant to conserve his domestic state, under which he often borrows or begs, knowing that he can plead them against his creditors. The single man has no statutory castle, but is open to every foray; it is pay to-day, or be (legally) kicked out to-morrow. No honest single man will begrudge the environments of law, comfort and defence thrown around his married brother; rather will he uphold them, since therein, by prayer and fasting, he may some day hope to enter—albeit with much sorrow—but he dislikes having them turned into ramparts from which he is so often mercilessly reviled and stoned.

Again, ye of domesticity owe something to single men—the oxen of the yoke, the mules of the caravan—whose unsolaced toil requires much skill, brain and bravery to execute. Circumstance has, somehow, at this moment placed him when and where he cannot marry. To you it brings a blessing, yet some, in mental shallowness, anoint it with a curse more bitter than the spoken word. There are mines to be discovered, roads to be built over trackless mountains, trees to be felled, lumber to be sawed and rivers cleared of snags by this Ishmaelite, before your train of domestic felicitates can enter into the land, flowing with milk and honey, and possess it.

Since when was not the silk for your wife and the tropic fruit for your children brought to your door mainly by the single man who ventured "down into the sea in ships" to obtain them? He craves frequent stimulant—no matter—when he is married he will give it up, but at present it is his only solace; even the worm must have its mould. Perhaps his nightly toil in the "oven" has produced the morning paper, from which you thoughtlessly read to your wife over the coffee:

IN PORT.—The bark Dawn arrived yesterday with a cargo of oil and ivory. She reports meeting a succession of gales, intense cold and general heavy weather in the South Atlantic. — Thompson, able seaman, was blown from the topgallant yard and lost. He was 28 years old and unmarried.

Bah! His was only an unattached existence! When Lincoln called for 100,000 men to beat back the red monster of Rebellion whose clutch was already upon the reeling nation's throat, who seized the gleaming stars, and as dauntless of fear as thoughtless of cost, hurled back the demon into the night from whence it had arisen? Did the single man go to war solely for—what was consequent—the saving of the married man's possessions and preservation of his "rights"? If he did, and was alive to-day, he might have occasional valid cause for regret. Did he go whining about offering \$1,500 for a substitute? If his sweetheart (haply he had one) was not as dear to him as your wife, he was both a craven and an ingrate! Did General Grant attempt only a cynicism when he said in his first inaugural: "The young men of this country have a peculiar interest in maintaining the national honor." Think you he observed the fact, or was he "so informed." There is food for meditation touching that "peculiar" interest.

That marriages are few in this city, considering the abundance of material, is a matter of speculation and remark. Why do not young men in abundant receipt of the necessary means marry? One of the many reasons is that they do not come in contact with the sensible, ultra-marriageable ladies, nor they with them. Is there a social repression existing in potent quarters? or are single people continually repeating the words of Sallust: "In success cowards may boast, but defeat overwhelms the bravest with confusion"? Is proper respect for one in a medial, irksome condition a "right" by right, or courtesy? and would it be too hard to turn a little thought toward his possible amelioration? After all, is it written that the sons of Ishmael shall abide in the tents of Jacob?

Instead of "vanity and vexation of spirit," the new version has it, "vanity and a puffing up with wind." This change was probably made to get a whack at the hotel clerk.—*Chicago Ledger.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[The answers to certain questions, given below, are through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shellhamer, as published in the *Banner of Lights*.]

Q. From what source are spiritual spheres illuminated? Is it from a central objective source like our sun? Several allusions to such an object, in recent descriptions of spirit-life, seem to indicate the existence of a solar orb in celestial spheres. Such a thing seems most decidedly improbable to your questioner.

A. The spiritual system of worlds has a center, or a central sun, by which it is illuminated. You look upon the physical universe, you behold the starry heavens, you understand something of your own solar system and of the planets of which it is comprised. Can you for a moment imagine that this material universe is all that there is of life? And if not, can you for an instant suppose that the external universe or its manifestations are in advance of the spiritual system of worlds of which you are gaining some little knowledge? The entire universe seems to be regulated by a condition of light. Darkness is only the absence of light, and yet that does not indicate that there is no light, or that it has been extinguished. Under the conditions of the material universe it is absolutely necessary for the growth and unfoldment of life, or rather the manifestation of life, that you should have periods of darkness when the light is withdrawn from your gaze, but in the spiritual world we are not necessitated to pass through the same conditions of life as are you on this planet, consequently we do not require the absolute withdrawal of light, for the unfoldment, the perpetuation of our forms of life. Let us distinctly declare that we have a solar system which appears objective to the spirits inhabiting the spirit-world, and that this system is illuminated by a central sun of great power and magnitude. We do not doubt that this statement may seem improbable, almost impossible, to many who, like your correspondent, do not understand the laws of spiritual existence. Spirits are frequently questioned as to their manner and mode of life. They are not willing to give you any details concerning that existence, for the simple reason that you are not prepared to understand or to accept their statements. Were they to appear before you and give you a descriptive account of their life in the spheres, it would seem quite as improbable to mortals at the present time as does the statement we made of our solar system to your questioner.

Q. Is the other world, so called, a business world, resembling this, as to occupations, the use of money, ownership of property, and so forth?

A. The spirit-world is essentially a business world; that is, its inhabitants are constantly employed in busy ways; they have their occupations, they hardly know the meaning of the word idleness. And now we speak of that spirit-world where progressive spirits dwell, those who have passed beyond the confines of physical life, or rather who have arisen above the external conditions of physical life, and are eager to press forward in the attainment of knowledge and the accomplishment of work. The occupations of such a spirit-world are diversified. As man, in his energy, in his ability, his mental endowment, varies, one from another, so the different occupations are such as to adapt themselves to each individual, and every spirit finds that employment for which he is best fitted, either by study or natural endowment. We have our system of exchange, not altogether upon the monetary principle which you employ on earth, but it may be said to be likened to that, inasmuch as it affords the conditions for an exchange of possession or of labor. It is difficult for us to explain to you in mortal speech the conditions of spirit-life in this respect, because you are not able to grasp and understand them. Our systems of labor or exchange are in advance of those of earth. Were they presented before you, they would appear to be altogether beyond your present comprehension. But you are rapidly advancing in knowledge, in an understanding of political economy, in a comprehension of the social amenities of life, so that we opine that before many years have passed you will receive far greater revelations from the spirit world concerning its conditions and its laws than you have ever had before. There is ownership of property, so to speak, in the spirit world, in this respect—those who have earned their homes and lands will receive them—no one has a home of his own in that higher life, save he who has earned it through good works. It is his privilege to adorn that home in accordance with his tastes and desires, to beautify it as far as possible, and as the soul unfolds in spirituality, greater power comes for the development of the same, and for the beautifying of his surroundings.

Q. If a person in this life knowingly does wrong to others, making them unhappy, will it affect the condition of such a person in spirit-life?

A. One of the grandest lessons man has yet to learn through the teachings of Spiritualism is that he cannot go on day after day doing wrong, perpetrating evil, affecting unpleasantly the lives of others, with impunity. If he does not reap a retribution here on earth, he will most assuredly do so in the spirit-world. He may pass

to the other life, and for a time remain indifferent to the unhappiness and suffering that he has produced; he may be so closely allied to physical life, and so blinded by selfish propensities, that for a period he will not perceive the enormity of his offense and how he appears to the eyes of others; but the time will eventually come when his real character will be exposed in all its hideousness; he will recoil from the sight; retribution sure and just will take place; the spirit will most keenly sense its condition, and will suffer accordingly. True, if he repents, and through suffering cries for help, the demand will bring an assistant, and he will be taught how to gain a higher condition. However, soon or late, this condition may come to him, will depend upon his own efforts and the sincerity of his desire to make atonement. Suffering must come to all who ignore the laws of right and justice.

Q. How are our spirit-friends effected by the sorrows, trials and adversities of their earthly friends?

A. Generally the spirit-friends of a mortal sympathize with him in his affliction; the trials that come to him they perceive, and they desire and seek to relieve him of them, perhaps, unless they be very wise or advanced souls. When you grieve for a friend who has passed from earth, one whom you love and who has loved you, you attract that spirit to your side; the spirit is sorrowful to see your grief, for it throws a shadow of pain over the spirit; and if there is great sympathy and friendship between you and your spirit-friend, your pain will bind him to your side, and he cannot get away from you. If you are bowed down by the weight of physical suffering, your spirit-friends, on reaching your side, will feel sorrowful and anxious for you, and desire to bring you relief; if you are clouded by the weight of material and financial adversity, your spiritual friends will be likely also to supply you with their sympathy, and to do all in their power to assist and uplift you. Those spirits who are wise, who have profited by experience, however, while they sympathize with you in your sorrows, your pain and your distress, while they would alleviate your misery to an extent if they could, and while they seek to console you, and to bring you strength and encouragement, yet they know that many times these trials are given you for life's discipline, for the unfoldment of the best part of your natures, for the development of a strong moral character, of endurance, self-reliance, patience and other attributes which are to be prized. They look upon you as you are apt to look upon little children; your trials and sufferings appear to them somewhat in the light that the little trials and sorrows of children appear to you; you may try to console and to alleviate the sorrows of the little one, but you know they will pass away, and leave no lasting impress of pain and misery, and so you are not greatly distressed, usually, about them. So wise spirits, while seeking to console and bring light to your hearts, yet know that your sorrows will pass away, that this is but the brief experience of childhood, so to speak, and that you will eventually rise above the clouds, all the better and brighter men and women for the experiences you have undergone.

In the Depths of Africa.

[New York Sun.]

It is to the credit of the natives that the white women who have entered the depths of Africa with their missionary husbands, have almost invariably received kind treatment. If they could endure the climate, they had nothing to fear from the aborigines. Mme. Tinne is perhaps the only white female traveler in Africa who has been killed. She wandered in safety among the blacks of the upper Nile but fell a victim at last to Mohammedan fanaticism. Travelers say they would often be unable to make any progress whatever among the most savage tribes if they were not able to convince the natives that they possessed supernatural powers.

A few conjurer's tricks will often open the way among savages, who would fight the explorer if they did not think he could bewitch them. Young Thomson, who recently came back from the Masai country, traveled far on his reputation as a man who could take his teeth out of his mouth and put them back again. He had two false teeth on a plate. When argument and entreaty availed nothing, he had only to do the teeth act to get about everything he wanted. A chief, south of Lake Nyassa, who had never seen glass, became the warm friend of a missionary whose watch he was examining. He could see the hands right before him, but he couldn't put his fingers on them, and he thought the white man, by some occult power, kept him from touching them.

Some petty chiefs have been in the habit of appearing before explorers and personating their sovereign, the Big King, for the purpose of getting a handsome present. The explorers have found a means of exposing these frauds. As a rule, none but great chiefs are allowed to possess gaudy or high-colored cloths. If such goods are offered to a sub-chief who pretends to be king, he refuses to receive them, and stands revealed as a fraud. Consul Elkins carried a quantity of red velvet with him in his travels through east Africa. He says he reserved the velvet for great chiefs or impostors, and that in both cases it answered admirably.

The Boston Spiritual Temple as a Work of Art.

[The Boston Transcript under the head of "Art Notes," speaks thus of Mr. Ayre's Spiritual Temple now being erected in that city.]

The "First Spiritual Temple," on the corner of Boylston and Exeter streets, is one of the very few buildings of Boston—or of America, for that matter—which fifty years hence will still be looked upon as a work of genuine, living art, emanating from the present century. Trinity and the tower of the First Baptist Church on Commonwealth Avenue are the only structures which can claim artistic superiority in the city. The Spiritual Temple, the architects of which are Messrs. Hartwell & Richardson, is a welcome evidence of young but genuine vitality in American architecture, of the receptivity of American architects, and of their willingness to recognize and follow competent leadership. It is a most satisfactory example of the fast developing American style of architecture in its growth and modification from the Romanesque and Byzantine styles discovered by Mr. H. H. Richardson, and introduced here at first almost pure, afterwards changed and individualized by his own artistic personality. If it is less successful in point of poetic feeling than is Trinity, the Albany City Hall and the Quincy Library, this is owing only to the necessary process of nationalization which makes from the fascinating but mediæval Romanesque a logical, organic, local system of architecture. As in all true art the individuality of the artist governs in great measure the artistic result; and that the Spiritual Temple is essentially different from the North Easton town hall is only an added proof of the intrinsic value of the new style, and of the power and reason of the men who are working in it. We are a long distance yet from a perfect or even a wholly admirable system of architecture, and every building for the next quarter of a century will be faulty in many respects; if its faults lie no deeper than do those of the Spiritual Temple, it will be far more than can with any reason be expected.

The building is distinctly original, and herein lies its first quality of good. It is no mechanical copy of a dead style, for the use of which all convenience is sacrificed, as well as all consideration of expense. The shape, proportion and arrangement of parts are organically dependent upon the utilitarian requirements, nor is it a reasonless patchwork of ill-comprehended systems of ornamentation slavishly copied line for line and illogically hurled together. The feeling of Byzantine Romanesque is felt firmly and penetratingly, but there is less bigoted copying of rude and effective detail, less affectation of old and imperfect styles, than is to be found in many of the recent evidences of the adoption by other architects of the new style, or even in the works of Mr. Richardson himself. The decoration is bold, powerful and effective, but rarely affectedly rude or clumsy. The simplicity is admirable. Here is a building perfectly square, with but one projection, and that almost unnoticeable. The roof is as simple as possible, considering the requirements, the gables and dormers few and absolutely necessary. No wall room, no needless towers and gables and projections; a solid, dignified, massive building. When we come to consider the church opposite, we shall see how invaluable a virtue is this quality of simplicity. The proportion of the building as a whole is singularly good; the heavy, dark basement, manifestly a supporting member, the space of simple wall above and the frieze-like band of windows at the top, where nearly all the lightness and ornament are concentrated, have a certain classical feeling of repose and reason, they are composed in so scholarly a manner. It is true, the roof is unfortunate, being somewhat lacking in the simplicity which characterizes the rest of the building. But this was evidently unavoidable, as must also have been the *fleche*, which jars badly with the remainder of the design. The firm, vigorous lines are masterly, horizontal bands reaching quite around the building and binding it all together, while the perpendicular lines of the corner pieces and of the great windows add the counteracting effect of loftiness and support. These few firm, unbroken lines are what give to a design its power of organic life, since they are its skeleton. A small but significant detail is the frank use of the conductor lines; a less reasoning architect would have painted them brown and tried to conceal them, being ashamed of their utilitarian aspect, and knowing how helpless he was to do anything with them, since in his copies were to be found no conductors at all, only gargoyles.

A New Orleans doctor calls attention to a very simple fact which merits attention from medicine takers. If the medicine is mixed with very cold water, and a few swallows of water be taken as a preparatory dose, the nerves of the organ of taste become sufficiently benumbed to make the medicine nearly tasteless. The method will not disguise bitter tastes, but acts well in oils and salines.—*N. O. Times.*

Scratch a democrat who is disappointed in Cleveland, and in nine cases out of ten you will find a fellow who didn't get an office he was incompetent to fill.—*Louisville Times.*

PROPAGATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

[John Whetherbee in Spirit Offering.]

I have a correspondent, a "venerable minister who is creeping on towards ninety; so are we all, may I say, but the man to whom I refer, is nearer the end of his 9th decade than he is to 80 years. I enjoy his bright intelligent letters very much, and they led to my writing the book, the early part of the year, that I called "Shadows." This man, though a retired minister, had doubts of a future life. Seeing something that I had written, he wrote me asking for the proof and light that so satisfied me. Nothing he wanted so much as proof that man survived his physical death. I have many such letters from many different people, they generally expect in one letter, or in one hour, or on the instant, the satisfaction that I have after an experience of over a quarter of a century. As I cannot give all I know in a homeopathic dose, I have not time to distribute autographically my wisdom, or rather my knowledge, in "long measure." I rarely give satisfaction; sometimes I do not try to, perhaps write short letters and refer to my printed thoughts in the spiritual papers; and since my "Shadows" was published, I have appealed to that, as palpable proof, if I can be believed.

When I got the letter from this old minister, I felt impressed to take some pains, for I have an admiration for all modern Methusalehs, especially when they show no mental decay. I replied to him in extenso and felt that if he believed me, it would settle his mind, for what I said was absolutely true. I said also in closing, that I had no desire to make proselytes, that it was of no consequences to me whether people believe it or not, that I always felt that I was casting my pearls before swine, when I argued upon the point by letter, or otherwise, and that in his case the time was short, and in the nature of things a man of approximating to 90 years would have the "proofs palpable" in a short time any way. He was surprised at my wonderful experience and surprised also, that the spreading of Spiritualism was indifferent to me. I have not converted this old man, he believes that I believe all I have said I did and our correspondence has been long and mutually interesting and he often reminds me now and then of the remark, "that whether people believe or disbelieve was a matter of indifference to me," and also my frequent addendum, that it was only a question of time when every living soul on the earth to-day would wake up to its truth.

Now why my indifference? Perhaps "indifference" is not the most proper word to use. Well, with the foregoing for an introduction let me write out my thoughts on the subject.

Modern Spiritualism seems to be taking care of itself, propagating itself faster than anything ever did. History shows nothing equal to it. It was 0 in 1848 now in 1885, only in its 37th year, and it figures in the millions. I am of it, an atom in it, but am in no concern of mind about it. I remember it as it was when it was 9 years old, when it enveloped me 28 years ago. I have watched it, studied it, wondered at its life and intrinsic vitality, killed in those early days almost yearly, that is, if one relied upon newspaper reports. But it never stayed killed, but was livelier for all religions, or social or scientific attacks; and now in less than four decades its voice is heard in every land; its periodicals are published in a dozen languages; its literature is extensive and creditable; its adherents as I have said, run largely into the millions. This may be a statement from an esoteric point of view; well I will quote a sentence from that thoughtful, liberal, intelligent outsider, the Rev. M. J. Savage, who speaks of it thus: "Modern Spiritualism is too big a factor in modern life to be ignored. Thousands and thousands in Europe and America believe in its central claim. There are also thousands of silent believers who do not like to be called fool, or knave and so keep still about it. Like Nicodemus, they come by night lest they be cast out of the synagogue." Now in less than four decades this is its status. It is now in a marked manner attracting the attention of the cultured world; heretofore every man of note in the world of letters, that has touched it and stayed with it as a truth has lost caste so that the minister that I have quoted, refers to a large multitude who come by night for fear of being cast out of the synagogue; no one likes to be cast out of the synagogue; no one likes to be cast out, so besides the millions all over the world who are not afraid to stand up and be counted, what must be the number who roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue and are silent about it? This inexpressed multitude is equally enormous and finds its thought in all the churches, at all the funerals, often under other names and the air is full of it, as an unexplained something manifesting itself in current thought and at last "psychical research" societies are born of it. Its demand for attention is so great the leaders of thought have got to tackle it slightly sugar-coated in name, but the Spiritualists see the power behind the throne, and if they are omitted from such societies, from fear, or policy, they know what it will end in and are satisfied. There will be but one result, a report however long delayed from timidity, even if as long as the Harvard college committee 25 years ago, and not yet handed in. These research societies will eventual-

ly endorse the spiritual idea, they will be slow about it, while modern Spiritualism will continue rolling on like a ball of snow, increasing as it rolls, regardless of all obstacles or even favorable trifles, like psychical research societies, and become so established in the public mind that a favorable, even if a delayed report, will be a matter of course, and as in most other cases the privilege of culture and science will be to record and methodize the fact, that the ground swell of humanity has heaved up, or the wisdom from the "babes and sucklings" of current life have offered to the human heart thus proving again the Emersonian truth "that humanity and civilization are grandly debtors to lowly cradles."

This is the outlook as it appears to me and I think it also the fact; and dynamically it is a spiritual movement, its prime factors are on the other side of life, its body politic is not a mob, or a swarm, but the movement is certainly an intelligent one, to use a homely phrase the spirits started it and are bossing the job and it seems intrinsically able to take care of itself, and I have no fears for its future. There have been from the first eloquent and scholarly people who by their connection with it have given tone to it but none of them have led it or been an authority in it. The world of culture and fashion as a general thing has given the movement the cold shoulder and has felt that any one however prominent who has favored it, or been hospitable to its claims, has been tarnished thereby; still it has spread and its galaxy of people of thought and culture has increased from year to year so that its list of great names is a credit to it and is an astonishment to the prejudiced; and a cerebral weakness looked for, which does not seem to be found; still, with its quantity of talent within its ranks there has been no directing head in it; no one stands in relation to it as Wesley stood to Methodism, Murray to Universalism, Channing to Unitarianism or Parker to free religion. Its language is "Great is Allah but Mahomet is not his prophet."

Modern Spiritualism has taught us that when the gifted souls that I have named and others have shone in the horizon of thought and made a step forward and had a following, which became an ism, it was an influence from the spirit world working through them for what seemed humanity's good; but taking a look at our subject of more magnitude than any of the others, of a wider sweep, destined to include all the lesser movements, the spirit world seems to be working another plan. Working by its supervision in the usual way in its details, but keeping the reins in its own hands; some time I have thought on the other side there may be a board of direction or an intelligent guiding head, but in this world there is no cabinet, premier or king. It seems to me that any one who aims to be an authority, or manifests a disposition to be cardinal or pope or whose friends move approvingly that way, invariably steps down and takes a lower seat. I do not mean to say that any one has assumed such a role and all subordinate attempts have been only local distinctions, but no one has yet been clothed with the purple, and the prophet of this New Dispensation has not yet been born and is not expected. So if the movement seems to be a body without a head, it is only in the seeming. Its head is in the other world; it certainly is an intelligent one, its present magnitude from so small a beginning in so short a time is proof of that. Looking at the thing as it is I am not, and I think no thoughtful Spiritualist will be, under any concern of minds as to its future.

I have written so much in this introductory way that I will hardly have room for my conclusions, and I do not know as they are needed, each can form his own, that is the way I do. I would like to say something about the diffusion of knowledge, of public addresses, of the work of mediums, of the printing of books, of the press, of conventions, conferences and camp-meetings, but I will omit it, and almost any one will almost know what I would say on all those useful auxiliary factors, for the propagation of our truth.

One thing stands out to-day as the greatest power in the world, and that is the press and particularly the newspaper form. It has completely superseded the pulpit and the forum, a thousand read uttered or written thoughts where one hears it. When Joseph Cook saw independent slate-writing and thanked my friend, Epes Sargent, for the privilege of witnessing it under such favorable circumstances, and endorsing it as genuine, adding that the backbone of Materialism was broken, he gave his lecture the following Monday to 2,000 people, it was a large gathering as he was counted one of the lions of the evangelical pulpit. The discourse was fully reported in the leading secular papers, and was read by a million people within a week. The newspaper is the preacher to-day, and to the busy world almost the library.

I take a lesson from the fact and learn that it holds good in our domain of thought, not but what all departments and avenues of uttered thoughts are good and absolutely necessary for human happiness and instruction, but the great world of mankind are reached by the press, the factor of all factors in the propagation of Spiritualism is the periodical issue of its newspapers and magazines. This is a reading age, uttered addresses are heard comparatively by a few compared to those who read them when printed in the news-

paper, not alone the addresses that appear in the columns of the spiritual newspaper, but the general information of the subject is there, in fact, it seems to be the province of the conductors of papers to take general information in its wholeness, eliminate the superfluities and give the substance in condensed form.

The secular press, of course, is the large institution; the Sunday papers of this city of Boston, issue two or three hundred thousand every week, two or three of them with 16 pages, and the "sermon" to the general reader ranges from religion through all the walks of life and thought down to sports. The papers print what people want to read and oftener than in years back we find attention is being paid to our thought; by and by there will be more of it; the secular paper prints what pays and with it religion, Spiritualism, foreign and home news are all commodities; by and by our thought will be in demand in the market and will get an increased hearing; in the meantime, it is the duty of Spiritualists to support the spiritual papers. As I have said, I am under no concern of mind about the future of Spiritualism; it is in good but in invisible hands, who have managed it well so far and will continue, but all who have a desire to see Spiritualism propagated, must support the papers, for they reach the people. When I remember that there are at least from three to five millions of Spiritualists in this country, certainly a majority of adults, it seems strange to me that the subscribers to the spiritual papers do not amount to 1,000,000, instead of in the aggregate 25,000. When I see the slim list of subscriptions compared with the magnitude of believers, a feeling comes over me of gladness that this is a spirit world movement or in the language of the bible, "Paul may plant and Apollos water," but the fertilizing element is the spirit world.

Seeing the Soul.

[San Jose Herald.]

A Mr. Holland of Lincoln, Nebraska, claims to have perfected an instrument by means of which he can see the soul. He was led to his investigations by noticing a man complaining of a severe pain in his foot, when he had no foot at all, the leg having been amputated years before. He procured the most powerful lenses he could find, and arranged the lights perfectly, so that he could examine the microbes of the air. He then called upon a friend who had lost his arm to move his imaginary arm in a certain way. Then, he says, a world of revelation broke upon him. There lay the dual hand beneath his glass. He then directed his friend to make letters with his imaginary finger, and spelled out the sentences as they were written. This he deemed to be conclusive evidence of his position, and he proceeded to make further and more elaborate experiments, and is now prepared to demonstrate that within this body of bone and sinew there exists another body in vapory form which death alone should free. This body, he declares, may be made visible to dull human eyes, so that the separation from the actual body may be plainly seen. He claims to have proved by scientific means the existence of the human soul, and thus to have laid bare the greatest secret of nature. He is now preparing a full report of his investigations for submission to scientific men, and is confident that he can convince them of the absolute truth of his theory.

Of course, this is practically what the Spiritualists have claimed all along, and if this theory is sustained by scientific investigation, it will give an immense impetus to the development of spiritualistic theology. Anyway, this is a most startling story, and may lead to results which can only be dreamed of at present.

Letter from Mrs. Snow.

BOSTON, Aug. 27, 1885.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The GOLDEN GATE, laden with interest, is regularly received, and fully appreciated, both by my husband and myself. Your *San Jose Mercury*, during our long residence on the Pacific Coast, was ever among the most welcome of our papers, since it was permeated with all progressive ideas in the line of our especial work, so far as was possible for a secular journal. As a pioneer and co-laborer also, in the Woman Suffrage movement, well do I remember when the San Francisco dailies were ridiculing and misrepresenting us, you were ever ready to do us justice, and to exert your influence in behalf of the elevation and enfranchisement of woman.

And now I rejoice that in that goodly city, where yet dwell so many cherished friends, and around which cluster so many pleasant associations, you have issued an organ more especially devoted to liberal thought and humanitarian effort. From personal knowledge of yourself and contributors, I feel that it will be a power for good in that region that should be eagerly welcomed, and liberally sustained.

Trusting that your enterprise may be a success financially, as well as morally and spiritually, I am very truly Yours,
MARY F. SNOW.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure, that it is profane to seek to interpose helps.

"The Great Psychical Opportunity."

[Banner of Light.]

This is the title of a striking paper in the September issue of the *North American Review*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "The Gates Ajar," and other books of a decided spiritualistic significance and learning. It is well worth a thoughtful perusal for its timely and multiplied suggestions.

Miss Phelps's article points to the fact that from all time there has existed a huge sum of inexplicable phenomena on the psychic side of human relationship to life; and that the hypothesis of jugglery, deception, etc., is not sufficient to account for what the ages have known, and our own day is specially remarkable for; she is of opinion that the telepathic conjecture of the English Psychical Society is good as far as it goes, but does not go far enough. She emphasizes the great victory over matter wrought out by Darwin in his discovery of Evolution, inch by inch, by the inductive method, says the realm of mind comes logically next in chronological order for consideration—"the Darwin of the science of the soul is yet to be"—and pertinently inquires, "Were it not as great a deed, is it not as large a duty, to hunt down the facts behind this faith," [Spiritualism], "to have this law that lies between the body and soul, as it were?" She regards it as yet too early in the process of investigation to know whether we are dealing with matter, mind, or spirit; but thinks it is not too early to know "that one law may be no more illegal than another law; and that because we understand the conditions of one, and do not understand the conditions of the other, is no more of a reason why the other should not exist than Franklin's ignorance of the value of shares in the Electric Light Company of the City of New York to-day was a reason for not putting up the first lightning-rods."

To a consideration of this question on the part of "the intelligent human will" as to the "conjunctive between life and death," "the combining medium of soul and body," she would have science—"which has given us a past," but too long "has left it to faith to give us a future"—bring "equipment and candor," for she cogently remarks: "The bigotry of the laboratory and the library is quite as robust as the bigotry of the altar and the creed." She would have inquirers "accumulate" observed facts by personal examination, as Darwin did, before "reflecting;" whoever solves the mystery "must condescend to the infinite drudgery of discovery;" "it is not time yet for any 'working hypothesis;' it is too early to have assurances that one thing can, or another cannot be; we shall never have the truth by inventing it, but by discovering it"—by, as she declares, the Newtonian process of looking steadily at "this problem of problems" "until we see it through."

"What benefactors to their kind will they be," she involuntarily exclaims, "who shall clutch from this mystery, ancient as earth, shadowy as dreams, and sombre as fate, the substance of a verified law." It matters not whether it be "the law which guides the telegraph, the law which sways an audience, the law by which a hand-pass cures a headache, the law which unites the thoughts of distant friends, or the law by which dumb death should create a vocabulary for deaf life." She insists that the chance to formulate it, the great psychical opportunity is "the chance for a great achievement." She appeals, therefore, both to scholarship and to common sense to undertake this achievement "with a sober, dedicated spirit, adequate to the seriousness of the consequences involved in success or failure." Especially does she believe that it calls for "the higher education of that candid and noble power imperfectly called spirituality of nature."

We have in previous issues of the *Banner* referred to what is being attempted by Societies and Committees in England and America, in the way of investigating the spiritual phenomena, and have pointed to the fact of the absence in many cases on the part of investigators of both those important qualifications, "equipment and candor," which Miss Phelps declares are the great essentials. Truly the treatment which Spiritualism has received in the past at the hands of such investigators has been such that its adherents and defenders may well echo the addition to the litany which she puts in the mouth of citizens generally at the present day: "Deliver us from Associations, and lead us not into Committees." Will the character of these investigators, whether acting individually or in concert, improve in coming time? Will they present to this crowning glory of the nineteenth century that sublime receptiveness which George Eliot says is the proper attitude of the seeker after knowledge? Only as they "become as little children" will the "missing link" in the chain of human destiny, about which Miss Phelps so eloquently writes, be revealed to the searchers—and then it will be a matter of individual rather than collective achievement.

A CONVICT'S ANSWER TO A JUDGE.—When the notorious James Robinson, or "Jack Sheppard," as he is known to the detectives, was sentenced to three years in the Eastern penitentiary, he was advised to try to lead a better life, which lay entirely with himself. "Yes," answered he, "I worked three years in your State

prison, and I know as much about shoe-making as I do about watches. They taught me in your prison to be dishonest. My principal work was to paste leather and pasteboard together to make a thick sole to impose upon the public. The man having the contract was a Christian, a member of the church, and at the time I called his attention to the pasteboard business he was foreman of the Grand Jury. They send me to the State prison to make me honest, and that is the way they do it."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Sentences from Emerson.

To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saints all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine.

A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of stars and sages.

We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity.

Whenever a mind is simple, and receives divine wisdom, old things pass away—means, teachers, texts, temples, fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it.

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

The soul raised over passion, beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of truth and right, and calms itself by knowing that all things go well.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. The soul will not know either deformity or pain.

For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.

O, my brother, God exists. There is a soul at the center of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.

The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion is to speak and write sincerely.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so.

This over-estimate of the possibilities of Paul and Pericles, this under-estimate of our own, comes from a neglect of the fact of an identical nature.

Going into Battle.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

Said Captain W. Stone, the other day: "I don't believe any man ever went into a battle without feeling frightened. I know I never did. I'll tell you when a man feels real badly. It's when he's forming his men into line for a big battle while a little skirmishing fire is kept up all the time. Every minute or so, some one, maybe your best friend, standing right next to you, will shriek out, 'Oh, my God!' and fall back dead; yet you cannot let your men fire, for the army must be drawn up first. There is plenty of time to think. You don't dare retaliate in any way. The next bullet may find your heart, and your children will be left fatherless. It is a moment that tries the bravest man, because he has to stand quietly and take it all. But when the order comes to fight and the excitement of the battle arises, fear passes away. You have something to do. You have a duty to perform at any cost. Bullets drive into the ground at your feet, sending up little clouds of dust; they whistle past your ears, and maybe cut holes in your clothing. Shells and shrapnel kill your comrades and leave you living, and soon there comes a feeling that some good fortune has preserved you and will protect you, and the desire to do as much damage to the enemy alone fills your mind. That was my experience in the army, and I don't believe that the man lives who did not feel at the commencement of a fight that he would rather be somewhere else."

A Laughing Plant.

It is called the laughing plant because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives—Chinese—dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

A PLEA FOR HARMONY.

The GOLDEN GATE presents its compliments to the Spiritualists of San Francisco, and of the Pacific Coast generally, humbly and modestly offering its services as an arbiter for harmony and peace.

The editor of this journal has no especial hobby to ride—no private ends to subserve. He is an old-time Spiritualist, having taken his first lesson in the spiritual phenomena and philosophy with the sisters Katie and Maggie Fox, in Rochester, N. Y., away back in 1849. He was present at the first public meeting for investigating the spiritual phenomena held on this continent—in Corinthian Hall, Rochester—where the "Fox girls," as they were called, were subjected to the most crucial test conditions; and yet the raps could be heard distinctly throughout the great hall in intelligent responses to questions from the committee of investigation and from persons in the audience.

In all of its essential claims, Spiritualism is to us a thoroughly demonstrated fact. It has removed from our mind—a mind once deeply grounded in the belief that death was the end of all conscious being—the last vestige of doubt concerning the reality of a future state of existence. It has brought to us, as it has to millions of the sons and daughters of our common humanity, a hope and comfort that only those who have experienced it can appreciate.

In the work of disseminating the grand truths of our philosophy we need more of that loving fellowship—that common interest in a common good—that will crush out of the heart all emulation and strife, save that noble strife of who can best work and best agree.

Free and untrammelled in our relations with Spiritualists of all shades of opinion, we respect all alike, heartily conceding to all the same rights of opinion we claim for ourselves. We hold ourselves free to visit all Spiritual meetings, to investigate all phases of spiritual phenomena, and to publish for all sides whatever we may deem will help to commend or strengthen our cause before the world, or tend to unite Spiritualists in the sacred bonds of brotherhood.

We have enough to contend with from the outside—from bigots of all shades—from hard-headed skeptics, reasoning and unreasoning. We have to meet and answer all manner of arguments, the hardest of which is the fact of the inharmoniousness that exists in our ranks, and the seemingly little benefit that Spiritualists derive from their belief.

We should begin to profit by the lessons of charity and good-will that we are continually receiving from the angel world, and present a united front. It is high time we began to think of massing our forces for solid work. The powers of earth and sheol are combining against Spiritualism as never before, and never before was there such necessity for unity of action as now.

To this end—the harmonizing and mobilizing of our forces—the GOLDEN GATE will ever work and wait.

THE PATH OF DUTY.

All can not command armies, nor write books, nor build steamships or railroads; but all can fill their allotted niche in life—can prove faithful to the trust reposed in them, however humble, and thereby prove their worthiness to a place among men and angels. It is faithfulness in little things that makes up the sum of the world's virtues.

There is many a man who is valiant in the grand charities he would perform, if he had only been blessed with riches! We wonder if he ever stopped to consider the good he might do without riches? It isn't the size of one's charities so much as it is the quality, that stamps the true value thereof.

No man or woman was ever yet so poor that they could not do something for "sweet charity's sake." And then there are other forms of charity more precious than gifts of gold—the kindly word spoken from the heart, and the ministering touch of a loving hand. Money may be handed out from a plethoric purse, with scarcely a feeling of compassion for the one it is intended to benefit. It is the blessing that goes with the act—the touch of humanity and gentle sympathy—that gives to it its luster and glory.

There is more virtue in the "widow's mite" than in all the public benefactions of a James Lick. In the widow's case, the gift meant deprivation of the very necessities of life to her; and yet it came from her hand and heart with a right royal good will, and a God's blessing; while in the case of the great millionaire it was a sort of mean necessity. He was standing with one foot in the grave. He believed in no hereafter; hence in no good that could possibly come to him in the future as a reward for a generous action here. He could not take his riches with him, and he would not have them go to his kindred, and so what could the poor man do but give them to the public!

The path of duty is so plain that it would seem

that none could miss the way. It is simply to walk uprightly, deal honestly, strive to do good to others, live cleanly and charitably, and endeavor to make the best possible use of all one's faculties—in short by so living that the world may be made better therefor, be it in ever so small a way.

A RICHMOND IN THE FIELD.

The announcement that the eloquent inspirational speaker, George P. Colby, would answer Mgr. Capel's recent lecture on Spiritualism, at Washington Hall, last Sunday evening, naturally attracted a crowded house; and this, notwithstanding the hundreds who assembled at Metropolitan Temple to listen to the gifted inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson.

But few of that large audience were probably aware that the Monsignor himself was a quiet listener to Mr. Colby, or anticipated the treat of his reply thereto. It certainly showed the distinguished papist to be a thorough man of the world, ready in debate, and brave in the enunciation of his opinions.

Mr. Colby acquitted himself with credit, basing his arguments upon the newspaper reports of the Monsignor's lecture; a position to which the latter excepted on the ground that the reports had essentially misrepresented him. He expressed surprise that Mr. Colby had not first ascertained what he had said before replying, as much that was attributed to him was the merest parody of his real words.

The Monsignor continued, as we learn from the *Chronicle's* report, that "he was a believer in immortality. If he were not, the Catholic Church would not tolerate him within her bosom for a moment. It was brought against the Catholics that they believed themselves in daily communion with the angels and saints. But the Catholics believe that the spirit world was as clear as the light of a gas jet. They walked the streets accompanied by guardian angels. The dead were, in their eyes, disembodied spirits who surrounded the throne of God. They prayed to them as well as to the saints and angels. To say that they did not hold communication with the spirit world would be contrary to the whole evidence of the history of the Church. Monsignor Capel denied that he had expressed a disbelief in 'spiritism.' He had simply left out of the category of possible supernatural manifestations all 'biological phenomena. Aside from these, 'Spiritualism was but a misrepresentation of Catholic teaching, and it had been in the world 'from the beginning.'"

The Monsignor further stated that he had carefully studied all accessible works relating to Spiritualism (he calls it "spiritism"). He had taken part in the translation of some of them from the French, years ago. He asked: "What is there new in all this? Instead of stating, as 'he had been charged with doing, that spiritism began 105 years ago with the exhibitions of Mesmer, he had related an instance of its force 'dating back 2,000 years ago.'"

No intelligent Spiritualist ever claimed that there was anything new in Spiritualism; but that the modern phenomena have had their counterparts all along the line of history. The Old and New Testament abound in accounts of spiritual manifestations, that were precisely like those occurring in modern times. All that is in any way new in modern Spiritualism is the greater influx of the phenomena bursting upon the world in these latter days, and which had—not its beginning, by any means, but its more complete and abundant expression with the Fox family, and thence rapidly spreading throughout the world. The raps and physical disturbances witnessed in the presence of that family were similar to those witnessed in the family of John Wesley a hundred years ago.

But what surprises us, in the Monsignor's reply to Mr. Colby, is his very frank admission of belief in all the fundamental principles of Spiritualism. It is, in fact, such a complete endorsement of our philosophy and phenomena, that Spiritualists would be almost ready to welcome the distinguished churchman to the Spiritual fold, but for one serious drawback, and that is his adhesion to a "church" that consigns all without its folds, and non-church Spiritualists especially, to everlasting perdition. True Spiritualism is not thus intolerant. It holds out a hope for all humanity—not of immediate translation of the sinner, at death, to "Abraham's bosom"—to the celestial beatitudes of a glorified existence in heaven; but eventually of getting started on the journey to a better life.

At the conclusion of Mgr. Capel's remarks, Mrs. Foye, the test medium, made a clear and concise statement of the Spiritualistic belief, ably answering the learned churchman on several points. It was then announced that on next Sunday evening, at the same place, Mr. Colby would reply to the Monsignor as he now understood him.

REVELATIONS TO ORDER.—Joseph Smith, son of the prophet and President of the Re-organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, seems to be smarter than the Salt Lake polygamists, who are quite disturbed by his presence and preaching in Salt Lake City. He has doubtless had a timely "revelation" that others would have been bettered by receiving, and would have received, had not their better judgment been held in check by their too strong faith in bluster and Indian allies. As all their revelations are made to order, it is not yet too late to get one indorsing Joseph Smith and his policy reform, and put a flag of truce up to the United States.

The Wednesday night meetings of Spiritualists, at the small hall of Metropolitan Temple, still attract goodly numbers of earnest Spiritualists. There is usually good speaking and singing, together with a pleasant interchange of suavities. If no other good were accomplished than that of enabling Spiritualists to become better acquainted with each other, the continuance of these meetings would be abundantly warranted.

CRUELTY.

If viciousness is a sign of decadence in families and nations, then Italy is near the foot of the down grade. Much has been said and written by visitors to that country about the depravity of its people in their treatment of dumb animals.

There appeared lately a letter from Ouida in the *London Times*, setting forth the cruelty of Italians, which she discovered to be general and more shocking than she had described. A common amusement among them seems to be the trapping of rats, soaking their fur with petroleum, then burning them alive to the great delight of the spectators, largely composed of women who are much disappointed if the poor creatures die too soon. This barbarity may be seen every day, and seems to be a favorite morning pastime.

The common way of transporting fowls is seen not infrequently in our own country: It is to tie the birds together in a bunch, suspended by the legs, divided in two, and thrown over the back of a donkey, or a man's shoulder. The helpless birds send forth screams of pain from twisted and strained joints, their heads drooping lower and lower, until no longer able to hold them up, they hang like dead creatures and are banged against walls, posts and all objects they may encounter. Twelve and fifteen hours of this suffering is not uncommonly inflicted by these wretches of men and women.

Oxen, mules and horses are known to work their whole lives through against raw and bleeding wounds. Bird-sellers are famous, or rather infamous for putting out the eyes of their little captives when they fail to dispose of them to foreigners, well knowing that the sight of cruelty will appeal to their hearts and bring forth the desired sum.

Instead of sending missionaries to instruct the heathen about an unknown God, it would be far better to educate their feelings and awaken their sympathies toward the creatures that are in their power and for their use, pleasure and convenience; and we do not think there are greater heathens on the face of the earth than can be found in so-called civilized Europe. Persons of tender hearts and quick sympathies should not go to the old world, unless they can firmly make up their minds first to suffer, for everywhere sights and sounds meet the eyes and ears that are never seen or heard at home.

Blessed is the man who first cried out against cruelty to animals, Societies for their protection with members that will do their duty on all occasions, all times and in all places is what the sunny clime of Italy is most in need of; but nothing of the kind can be expected from Italians that would be effective. It is a work for Americans to organize, and it is needed in Europe generally.

OUT OF TUNE.

"Among the flints of the chalk formation is occasionally found one which emits a clear, musical sound when struck by another flint." And so it is in life; there are harmonies in the hardest lives, if only the proper one can be found to bring them forth. Some souls never awaken to the melody of existence here, but send forth one constant vibration of discord, for which they alone are blamed; but it is perhaps more due to their associates than to any real blemish or deficiency in themselves. We can meet no one without touching one or more chords of being. Persons of fine perception seldom awaken inharmonious in another, while the great majority who pass on life's road make discord that their ears hear not, while we are left to ponder on the potency of the invisible agents around us, and in us. We never know just why this one makes us glad while another makes us sad, and all the rosy light is turned to gray; but we learn to avoid the influence of such persons, without having the slightest reason that would be held valid by the average mortal.

Those bringing this negative feeling are out of harmony with themselves; they are unstrung, instruments waiting the master spirit to set in tune, and their natures to vibrating with the universe around them. There are many ways of making life tuneful, and more opportunities for doing so that go by unimproved.

WELCOME HOME.

Mrs. Watson was welcomed back to her field of labor by a most generous reception, which was tendered her at the small hall of Metropolitan Temple, on Friday evening, Sept. 4th. The platform had been bountifully and tastefully decorated with fair and fragrant flowers. Mr. H. E. Robinson, presiding officer of the evening, in a neat little speech welcomed the wanderer "home again." The gifted lady responded in a few well chosen remarks, expressing her delight at meeting the dear familiar faces of her true and tried friends after an absence of three months. Her vacation had been but one "round of pleasant things." But evidently Mrs. Watson's vacation was not all play, she having delivered twenty-two lectures and attended twelve public receptions given in her honor, thus showing that the lady is appreciated in the East as well as at home. The evening was delightfully spent, with the happy commingling of old friends and new ones.

FORESTRY.

On the Prussian plains, where grass is now unknown, and five out of every six years are generally rainless, the grass is said to have grown thickly, and to the height of a man, sixty years ago. As usual, the change is supposed to be the effect of the destruction of the vast forests that once covered the mountains to the northward.

We believe there is a Department of Forestry at Washington, but the name is more than the business itself, so far. If one thing more than another needs fostering and encouraging in the United States at this time it is forestry. The preservation of the remaining trees, and the planting and growing of others is a duty that the Gov-

ernment should impose on all land-owners, if they will not assume it voluntarily.

Besides being a general and inestimable protection to the country and its inhabitants, it is a preserver and enricher of the land. Analysis has shown that fallen leaves of maple contain four per cent of valuable matter—soda, potash, lime, sulphur, magnesia, and phosphorous compounds; and poplar and willow five per cent or more, that constantly renew the earth beneath their branches. Other leaves examined contained about two per cent of fertilizing substances. If this were the only argument in favor of trees, it would be sufficient to condemn a people as a set of madmen who would permit their forests to be destroyed.

RESPECTFUL CONSIDERATION.

It is amazing the change that has come over the public press and thinking people generally within the last few years concerning the subject of Spiritualism. No intelligent person any longer denounces the spiritual phenomena as a humbug and cheat, although many there are who try to explain them away on other than the true grounds claimed for them by Spiritualists.

Many of the ablest of our secular papers are devoting much space to the consideration of the subject. Their reporters see that our meetings are largely attended, and by an intelligent class of persons, whom they cannot afford to treat with ridicule and derision, as has been their practice in the past. They find that we are not the long-haired fanatics they have painted us. They have suddenly come to discover that much of the brains and no little of the wealth of the country are arrayed on the side of the once despised Spiritualists.

This is a grand step in advance, and one which we are not sure will prove wholly for the best. For once Spiritualism becomes popular, it will be apt to be overwhelmed by numbers, embodying all the incongruous elements—religious and otherwise—in the community. But they will soon learn the "better way," and walk therein, to the betterment of their lives, and the building up of a truer manhood and womanhood.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is the rarest and best thing in life. Enemies may gather around, sickness come upon the heart and soul, and the world grow dark and cheerless. Others may turn from the scene of distress, showing you the motives which attracted them; but the friend never forsakes. If he loves you and studies your interest and happiness when fortune smiles upon you, he will be sure to stand by and sustain you in adversity. He will show you that your former circumstances are nothing to him, only as their change enables him to manifest to you the real fidelity that prosperity could never reveal. Those who have never won a friend, prove but one thing, that they never tried the worth and power of love, the joy of laboring to make a friend.

MISFORTUNE.—All misfortune is in the nature of a disappointment, and nothing so reveals the true character of a person as the manner in which it is borne. Some it makes selfish and hard-hearted, while others become sympathetic and tender under its influence. "Hope deferred" may make the heart sick, but not always bitter. Nothing is a misfortune when we realize that the present life is composed of ills that are inseparable from it in most cases, and without them we should never learn patience and pity for others. But few could imitate the great Fenelon, who, when his precious library was being consumed by the flames, exclaimed: "God be praised that it is not the dwelling of a poor man!"

NOT DEAD.—There is a class of persons who refuse to believe that General Gordon is dead, and therefore it is proposed to make search for him. They are right in not believing him dead. General Gordon did not doubt that he lived an existence prior to the present one, and he as firmly believed he should live again. But we very much doubt if the expedition finds him at or near the equator, whither it is believed he escaped from Khartoum. They may possibly come across him; indeed, he is just the one to aid them in their quest, but they will find him just as soon by staying at home and studying his philosophy.

UNWISE MR. BULL.—The Liverpool *Mercury* states that when the telephone was taken to England by the agent of Dr. Bell, the inventor, all the patent rights connected with it were offered to the Post Office Department for thirty thousand pounds. The offer was declined, but a little later these wise officials, who thought thirty thousand pounds was too much for the patent for the whole United Kingdom, offered five hundred and forty thousand pounds for the exchange in London alone, but they asked in vain. So it is, and all because, as one of our humorists says, our foresight is not so good as our hind sight.

MORE WAR.—Spain has been waging a fearful war with the king of terrors and her loss is estimated at seventy-five thousand, without a single victory on her part. Now, she is reported as preparing for another war—war with a great, strong nation, whom, in her present debilitated condition, she had far better placate. One would suppose so superstitious a people would think the wrath of an offended God was upon them, that would humble and subdue them to the dust. But the awful ravages of the scourge among them does not apparently have such an effect, and they would still manifest their national spunk.

The following Executive Committee was elected by the audience in attendance at Mrs. Watson's lecture, at Metropolitan Temple, last Sunday evening, to arrange for the support of the lecturer and continuance of her meetings: F. G. Woods, A. Weske, M. B. Dodge, A. Baker, J. M. Matthews, W. A. Aldrich, James B. Chase.

A St. Paul subscriber writes: "The GOLDEN GATE just suits me for a family newspaper of the higher order."

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

There were in New York in August 2,980 deaths, 2,706 births, and 748 marriages.

A halibut weighing 150 pounds was caught with an ordinary cod hook and line at Monterey recently.

When there is a state banquet at Windsor Castle the plate on the tables is usually worth \$1,250,000.

The coinage at the various mints during August was \$6,529,066 20, of which \$2,417,000 was in standard dollars.

The Government will pay \$20,000 of the expenses of Gen. Grant's funeral, of which \$5,000 is for carriage hire.

Less than twenty miles remain to complete the gap between the California Southern and Atlantic and Pacific Railroads.

Every train during the past week has taken from 100 to 200 Chinamen to Cloverdale, en route to the hop fields of Mendocino county.

Lulu Hurst has lost her magnetic power, but as she made \$50,000 by her exhibitions she still possesses almost irresistible attractions.

An electric railway, now being laid at Philadelphia, is to be opened for travel October 1st. Its cost is at the rate of \$15,000 per mile.

The first snow of the season in the United States fell at Wilkesbarre, Penn., August 28th, and on the same day it snowed at Quebec.

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston, is one of the notable visitors at Washington. She is over 80 years of age, but converses most brilliantly.

Austria has a wheat surplus for export of 12,000,000 hundred weight, double that of last year. Wheat is selling lower in Vienna than in New York.

The sensation in a small hamlet in St. Louis county, Mo., is the recent finding of hidden treasure contained in buried stone crocks amounting to \$40,000.

A. E. Durant, the landscape painter, is now more than ninety years old, and still smokes his pipe in comfort at his charming home in South Orange, N. J.

English capitalists will build a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay if it can be done for \$25,000 per mile. Engineers are now making surveys and estimates.

Twenty fires have taken place in the Gabilan Hills, San Benito county, during the past two weeks, owing to quarrels over land titles. Much trouble is feared in the neighborhood.

A half-witted old man named Nathan Weil, who for years made his living around St. Helena by doing odd jobs and gathering junk, has fallen heir to a fortune of \$10,000,000 in Europe.

Archibald Adams, a teamster residing near Pittsburg, recently undertook to bathe the hind hoof of one of his mules in hot water. His widow has decided to sell the mule.—*Texas Siftings*.

Walt Whitman is said to be the chief curiosity in the city of Camden. No wonder! The man who can rhyme "jurisprudence" with "symbolical" would be a curiosity anywhere.—*Lowell Citizen*.

There is a natural bridge near the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico, twenty miles north of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, which surpasses in every way the famous one in Virginia.

In France there are forty-eight holidays for workmen, in addition to Sundays; in Great Britain and the United States not more than seven or eight. Perhaps this is why France sends out no emigrants.

In California one can choose his climate, taking any temperature from 106 degrees in the valley to fourteen degrees below on Mount Shasta. From palm to pine, from sun-parched desert to everlasting snow.

The Toledo, Ohio, *Blade*, which has always been a reliable party organ, has developed independence enough to refuse its support to two republican candidates for the legislature, whose nomination it regards as an insult to the party.

A New York woman values half her little finger at \$2,000, and has brought suit to recover that amount because that portion of her digit was accidentally cut off by a butcher's knife while she was pointing out some defect in a piece of meat.

The largest piece of amber in the world without a blemish is one of eight pounds, being exhibited in the Mark Museum at Dantzig. Other notable pieces are a flute belonging to Frederick the Great, and a complete tobacco-pipe belonging to Frederick William III.

The cyclone at Charleston has sent the wages of laboring men booming upward. Bricklayers receive \$5 and \$6, instead of \$3; carpenters \$3, instead of \$1 50; laborers \$2 and \$2 50, instead of \$1 25; tinner \$5, instead of \$2 50, while \$5 and \$6 are paid for slaters.

Such strange things are occurring in these latter days that a man is induced to put a little faith in the Millerite prognostication that the end of the world is near at hand. We see it stated that the majority of the lawyers of Waco, Texas, are supporting prohibition. A large number of Georgia editors are doing the same.—*New Orleans States*.

To him who would study the marvels of independent slate-writing, let him read Mr. Evans' card in another column. Developing classes twice a week.

The editor of the GOLDEN GATE will, by request, deliver his lecture on the "Hawaiian Islands," before the society of Spiritualists, in Oakland, at Odd Fellows Hall, on Sunday, Sept. 13th, at 2 P. M.

The review, by "A Layman," in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE, of Mgr. Capel's recent pamphlet, entitled "The Catholic Church," is not only argumentative and logical, but is broad and liberal in spirit. Discussions conducted in so genial a manner can not arouse bitter and unprofitable antagonisms—hence, are potent for good, in arriving at the truth.

The beautiful flowers, and their tasteful arrangement, witnessed each Sunday upon the platform of Metropolitan Temple, at Mrs. Watson's lecture, are well worthy of notice. Those in rear of the platform are contributed by Mrs. Nowell, by whom they are also arranged, with the assistance of Mrs. Wiggins. The flowers in front of the platform are contributed and arranged by Mr. J. C. Harvey.

A HUMAN ATONEMENT.

[From a sermon by Rev. Reed Stuart, published in the *Christian Register*, we copy the following thoughtful extracts.]

Nature abounds in antagonisms. Not only earth and every star, but every atom has its poles of attraction and repulsion. Darkness, light; heat, cold; flow, ebb; growth, decay; life, death; force, resistance,—seem to be forever striving for the mastery over each other. Nature iterates all her processes on varied scales, and her method can be studied in the least as well as in the greatest. There is the same law for the dewdrop swinging to the blade of grass that there is for the planet, swinging yonder in the sky. Action and reaction, so grand in determining the movement and direction of the worlds, in regulating the sweep of the tides, and marking out the zones of the spheres, are seen repeating themselves on smaller scale in shaping the flight of an arrow, in the outward rush and return of blood in the body, and in the falling rain. * * * In the life of man the same thing appears. The yes and the no are ranged against each other there also. Of man everything may be affirmed and denied. He is a strange compound of dust and Deity. So are riches and penury waging a battle; so are Democracy and monarchy, fate and free will, law and anarchy, virtue and vice, the divine and the demoniac, the heights and the abysses.

But, in nature, a deeper scrutiny reveals the fact that antagonisms are only apparent. Every contrast is a preparation for a higher agreement, every discord is but the prelude to a finer harmony. In the material world there is the balancing of forces, so that all things serve to further the best results. There is the adjustment of power to resistance, of speed to distance, of bridge to chasm, of brake to grade, so that the endless motion and wild whirl of things, so far from becoming anarchy and chaos, is regular and rhythmic, as if all things of earth and sky were keeping step to some music which mortals can not hear. Nature is her own mediator, and healer of all defects. Long ago she learned the method of atonement; namely, that obedience to the law of existence, with its natural rewards and penalties, is the only safeguard and remedy for all damage. Long before man got here with his politics, and philosophies of the universe, and his doleful theories and his paltry experiments, she had discovered the method, and put it into practice, so that she had assigned the worlds their places, where they would not be in each other's way, had thrown up her continents, and grown her forests, and painted her rainbows, and taught her song-birds; and, when man came, he found her, like the mother that she is, caring for all her children.

But man has been slow to learn that lesson. With his coming, a tragedy was begun whose final act is not yet. He came into the midst of circumstances which appeared hostile to him. He seemed to be not in harmony with earth or heaven. Not only the frosts pinched him, and the fevers burned him, and the rivers hindered him, and the jungle stifled him, and the lion and tiger would crush him, but, after a time, somewhat else began to perplex him. There came at last something, either by experience or by revelation, into his life which shaped itself into the sense of ought and ought not. The verb of moral being began to write, or engrave its conjugation in all intricate moods and tenses upon his soul. No matter how hard and rugged the surface might be, the impression managed to get itself, in some sort of rude hieroglyph, ineffaceably stamped that man was defective; and this lack brought with it the sense of moral blame. However it came, whether by creation or by inheritance, the truth at last reached man that he was not what the ever present and exigent "ought" kept setting up as a standard of measurement.

At a certain stage of development, the mind personifies all things. In all the earlier and ruder forms of religion, God was given form and local habitation. He was arrayed in all the drapery which belongs to human sovereigns. He is represented as jealous and revengeful and changeable. It was thought that his good will could be purchased. He is represented as withdrawing from those who in any way offend him, and as returning when the offender repents and pays the price levied upon the offense. Calamities came upon the race, it was thought, because of the wrath of God. Sometimes he is represented as repenting that he had made man, and is disposed to abandon all further attempt, but at last hits upon some happy expedient to repair the damage that man had made. The separation of Deity from humanity became the central fact of religion; and out of the attempt to reduce that separation, to bridge the gulf which dark and terrible yawned between, came the many forms of sacrifice. God was in heaven, and man on earth. On one side was power, on the other weakness; on one side exaction, on the other side a trembling obedience; on one side a throne, on the other a slave; while between them flamed and thundered a wrathful Sinai.

We do not need to be informed at this day that no such antagonism ever existed. There is no chasm between the human and the divine. Nature is not evil. The teaching of Jesus is that nature is holy.

God has never left the earth. He is forever creating the universe anew. The morning stars are always singing, and the sons of God forever shouting for joy, over the new creation. The earth, this June morning, bathed in the dew and sparkling in the sunlight, seems like a new earth. The grass and wheat and corn and leaves have all changed since yesterday. God has been at work changing earth and sunlight into grass and flowers, and while we were sleeping turned food into blood, and to-day is turning blood into thought and love and worship. In him we live. Religion having begun with the widest separation of Deity and humanity must end by affirming the essential union between them. The universe is not foreign to God.

If this be true that there is no separation and withdrawing of God from man, and that all things are governed, not by caprice, but invariably follow the line of constancy and law, there must come a change in our ideas of expiation and reconciliation. The word "atonement" is a piece of "damaged phraseology," so much has it suffered by ecclesiastical handling; and yet, in its origin and genuine significance, it is a word which cannot be spared. It has been narrowed down to a special transaction in Judea, by which Jesus, having become a sacrifice to satisfy the justice and appease the wrath of God, salvation from eternal misery was given to a certain class. But, with the expanding thought which marks these days, this limited significance of the word is rapidly giving way to a larger meaning. Sacrifice is perhaps a native and indestructible element of religion; but it is a constant and progressive process, and is the offering, not of another in our stead, but the offering of self upon the altar of duty. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; but so was he in every star and blade of grass, in every movement of the race toward the better, and in every duty done by the private soul.

Atonement is not a theological device by which one man is made to pay the debt contracted by another, but is the process of developing the right forces of life, individual and associated, so that the higher spiritual shall command the lower animal tendencies. Earth is not a huge justice-court, but a school-house. Man has not fallen from the higher; he has only not yet climbed, but is climbing toward the higher. God's work does not need to be done over, but needs time to develop. Intelligence and love are redeeming the world. God did not postpone his sovereignty until he saw the mistake he had made in creating man, and then by the sacrifice of himself to himself establish that fact, and meet the demands of justice. Righteousness was the habitation of his throne, when as yet the worlds were not, but only star-dust and fire-mists, as well as when Asia became peopled with its millions, and on that hill by Jerusalem, in the darkness, was heard a voice saying, "It is finished." Nature has never been at enmity with God. A limitation is not a declaration of war. The mollusk is not so high as the lowest form of human life, but it is not guilty because it is thus low. The tree and the bee and the bird, earth and sun and Sirius, are all at peace with God, because they are all fulfilling the law of their existence.

Atonement is a progressive work, and is repeated on every plain of life. God is in the history of the race. He incarnates himself in human life, and as fast as the individual or society takes on itself a higher intelligence and faith and love, and sees more clearly the sovereignty of spirit in the universe, so fast does the atonement proceed.

Atonement is unfolding and progressive, and presses all classes into its service. Every noble deed done under the sky is but the flowering of that growing plant. The ministry of reconciliation is committed to humanity; and it is indifferent to what quarter of earth we may look indications are not wanting that humanity has accepted the noble ministry. Whether we look at old Asia or more recent America, it is all one. Moses leading a company of slaves out of Egypt; John Brown attempting to lead a company of slaves out of Virginia; Jacob looking up at the sky from his pillow of stones, and catching a vision of the beautiful; Kant looking into the depths of the soul, and filled with awe as he saw the majesty of the law of Right; Jesus dying on Calvary, and the mother giving her life for another,—all are signs that the work is going forward, all are rays from the central sun. Wherever under the broad sky a soul or a nation has translated the "I ought" of life into "I will," and then engraves the "I will" into the living deed, there is reconciliation made. * * *

Obedience is the path to happiness. When the soul yields to law as implicitly as do rivers and trees and stars, the way of peace is found. How happy seems the river! how serenely cheerful the great stars which every night come out and look down upon us! The maples have no remorse, and are not disturbed over the future. Would man be harried by remorse and dread, if he lived his life as truly as do the maples? His hatreds and dreads, his remorse and his pain, advertise the fact that he had been a law-breaker. Let him cease to blaspheme and whimper and despair and take poison; let him have pure air and pure food; let him rest as well as work; let him worship as well as

grow pale with thought; let the soul be nourished with life-sustaining virtue,—and he will be on the same path which the world's redeemers have trodden, and is worthy to be called a Son of God.

Thus is the doctrine of atonement taken from the realm of action and applied to life. Jesus was an agent of God in uplifting the world, but so is every one an agent to uplift the world. He helps, not by transferring virtue ready-made by his suffering to another, but by the contagious enthusiasm of a brave example. He helps, not by manufacturing an ecclesiastical righteousness in excess to make up for the ecclesiastical bankruptcy of the race,—a large deposit made by eternity to balance the reckless expenditure of time, vindicating Heaven's method of conducting business,—but by such embodiment of actual righteousness in his own life that those who look upon him are stimulated to make a like attempt. As Plato nourished himself upon the thought of Socrates, as one painter learns from another painter, as one patriot is fired by another patriot, so every lover of God is helped by every other lover of God. No tariff shuts out the incoming of truth, nor can the infection of goodness be held in quarantine. * * *

We are wise if we recognize the duty pressing upon us to accept the ministry of reconciliation committed to us. The true atonement for this day is the practical interfusion of sympathy and wisdom into all the affairs of life. Classes are arrayed against each other, which ought to be united. Money and labor need a mediator. On every side, life needs development. Bad living, impure air, poisons of all kinds, keep up the feud between heaven and earth. An atonement is made whenever the sunlight and better air and purer water are brought into crowded cities. Who enlarges the opportunities for a child to grow, or protects it from cruelty, and frees it from conditions which stunt it in body and soul, is reconciling man to God. Whoever makes it easier for woman to maintain purity by giving pay equal to the work; who helps her to become mistress of her own person by yielding her right to enter without restriction every door which her brother has the right to enter, so that she shall not be compelled to make an assignment, or a marriage which is often no better, to keep her from hunger,—indicates that he has heard and heeded the Scripture which declare: "Unto us is committed the ministry of reconciliation." Whenever a school-house is built in the midst of ignorance; whenever a hospital or an asylum is founded for the unfortunate; as often as fatherhood becomes more chaste, and motherhood more sacred; when a loftier ideal controls the home—earth is carried skyward.

Sublime is the fact that, through its saints and heroes, all the mighty past still lives and still speaks to the present. Those in any age, who have thought and lived truly have shortened the distance between heaven and earth. But the thought takes a very practical and pressing shape, and is also full of sublimity, that there is a future to which the present will be a past, and the deeds of these days should be freighted with good for the coming days. Money should be seen turning into homes and education, and all high forms of use. Politics should hasten to bless mankind, giving a noble freedom and reconciling all classes to each other. Religion should flow out as a great love to God, and as an equal stream of good will to man.

This work of reconciliation is committed to us as it was committed to all the generations before us. Accepting the high commission, our life shall become true and useful. Keeping our minds open to the claims of nature and of man and of God, and turning all existence toward right ends, we will find that we are taking the first steps in a career which is destined to last forever. Leading the sorrowful toward joy, the lonely toward companionship, the outcast towards home, the erring toward holiness, is a sign that the heart has caught the highest meaning of life, and is assisting in carrying forward the work of atonement—a work which, beginning beyond history and unfolding through the ages, will be completed only when the soul sees that time is one with eternity, when the borders of earth overlap the borders of heaven, and when man has become one with God.

Kind Words from Jenny Leyes.

LOS ANGELES, September 5, 1885.

MR. AND MRS. J. J. OWEN:

YOUR beautiful GOLDEN GATE is spread wide before me. It is of celestial aspect, brighter even than the superb terrestrial Golden Gate that opens to this dear, most lovely land. Your new paper is like the diamond—of finest spirituality, yet of firmest strength, and sparkling from myriad perfect-cut facets that flash and reflect the heaven's whitest splendors. Its wise and delightful variety, created and culled not from one arc but from the whole circle of thought, makes it a truly inspiring paper; and this very variety but enhances the jewels of spiritual facts that shine from the pure gold. I rejoice in your intense words for temperance, woman-suffrage, labor-reform and a purer generation, a more practical education—vast and most vital themes! In them is the breath of life for the coming holier and happier humanity. It is glorious to me to see new warriors spring into the field of reform, full-clad in such bright, strong armor. God speed you grandly. Most fraternally yours, JENNY LEYES.

The debt of Egypt is, roughly speaking, £104,000,000, costing the country £4,250,000 annually.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

PAUPERS.

"Roars of laughter greeted a proposition made by a member of the Strand Board of Guardians in London the other day. The member in question Mr. Pratt, urged that the paupers should be buried at the seashore, with a view of their coffins, imbedded in a soil of concrete, almost immediately hardening, upon which others could be buried on the first layer and so on, until these bodies encased in concrete would form a wall that would effectually keep the sea from encroaching on the land.—[Exchange.]

We suppose the "laughter" was caused because it was proposed to bury paupers instead of gentry along the seashore. There seems to be something extremely funny about paupers, especially so, if dead. It is such a ridiculous thing to be poor; to live on what charity has to spare when its own wants are supplied, to wear others' cast-off garments and live in a shanty or an old, shabby tenement house. And Death is a very funny messenger, when he calls for a pauper—"no dark, damp tomb and no mourners' gloom, no tolling bell in the steeple"; but a low black hearse, a plain board box, with perhaps one or two followers in a shabby vehicle, or a foot, is all of the parade. Then the grave is a barren waste with nothing around to suggest that any pauper before him was ever thought of after the earth closed over him. No man of God or other piously inclined person to drop the handful of earth that has such a dismal sound at rich men's funerals; no reading of scriptures or chanting of hymns; no flowers or green spray of love and remembrance,—nothing at a pauper's funeral that could cast a gloom over the living. Oh! if anything but the lack of money could make paupers in this world, there would be far less mourning and display of grief over the dead. And if wealth and worth were estimated by other than the glittering standard of coin, so-called paupers and the world's rich would often change places when it came to the last resting place.

M. PULSIFER.

INTEGRITY OF WOMEN.

[Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.]

"Do women embezzle?"

This question was recently put to one of the heaviest dry-goods merchants of Buffalo, who always employs women as cashiers.

"Do women embezzle? No they don't. I never knew a woman who handled other people's money to steal a cent. I have employed women as cashiers for years. They are quicker at making change than men; they detect counterfeit money quicker; they keep their accounts clearer, and don't wish to run the whole store as men do. Never have I known of a single case of embezzlement by women, never have I heard of one. I can not say the same of men. I have employed four young men at different times as cashiers. One left me, one was not quick enough, and the third robbed me."

This is the testimony of but one business man of the many whose evidence could be given proving the honesty of women when handling the money of other people. The statement of others, who have informed themselves on the subject, is that women seldom fail to pay their debts, and even when they might avail themselves of the bankrupt act, they prefer to hold themselves legally liable for the debt.

While the newspapers are full of wicked embezzlements of bank presidents running away with fortunes, wrecking homes, impoverishing families, destroying reputations, disgracing their friends and ruining themselves; while trusted men are robbing public institutions, gambling and stealing, caring not whom they rob, wrong or ruin, women are seldom guilty of such dishonesty or crimes.

The general belief is that women are honest. Yet in the face of these facts and the almost universal belief in their honesty, women are not trusted in a business way by men. Men refuse to lend them money to start in business, to invest in real estate, or to help them save their property upon which they have paid a certain amount, and which can only be secured by prompt payment of the remainder. Women often find it hard to secure even a small loan on good security. Men as a rule prefer to say they have not the means at hand. Some will prevaricate, giving almost any reason for refusing to lend, rather than the correct one, while a few are manly enough to state the truth, saying: "We do not do business with women." But very few treat them as they do men and give them a chance to make an honest living.

Why is this? It is not that men consider them dishonest. It is because they have no confidence in the business capacity of women, or in their judgment as to investing or taking care of money. Some men cling to the old idea that it is not becoming in a woman to engage in business outside of home, however needy she may be. Hundreds of wealthy men will give, and give liberally, to establish "homes for women" who have failed to secure homes for themselves. Yet if a few hundred women would have enabled them to provide for themselves these good men would not have loaned them the small annuity because they believed they did not understand business.

The greatest kindness and noblest act is to help the needy to help themselves. If women do not understand business, how

are they to overcome this deficiency if prevented by such circumstances from acquiring the proper knowledge? With honest principles and proper opportunities, supplied with some means and trusted by the public, they can not fail to become as trusted in business and as proficient bread-winners as their brothers. Give them an opportunity to become self-supporting rather than genteel paupers. Save them this terrible humiliation added to their other trials.

"Thanks" or "Thank You."

[Boston Herald.]

A controversy has recently arisen over the substitution of the word "thanks" for the expression "thank you." Some of our esteemed contemporaries in the west hold that, while it may be perfectly proper to limit one's expression of gratitude to the single word "thanks," it is in much better taste to adhere to the older and more formal acknowledgement. This is very much a matter of personal opinion.

The late Charles Sumner, who in most things carried the formality of politeness to an extreme, invariably used the word "thanks," instead of the term "thank you," and, if we are not greatly mistaken, this practice on his part had the sanction of the highest social authorities in England. The trouble with a great many of our American people is that in the affairs of every-day life they are indisposed to use either form of acknowledgement.

We want an enduring character: we are building for eternity, and must live in the house we build forever. The character is the man, and there is no place in the universe where a man can get away from himself or his record. Our happiness and usefulness depend upon our character now and in the future. We build up ourselves, and what we build must be sure. The honest workman is careful to do every part of his work well, for he feels that God's eye inspects all. The time is coming when each of us shall be tested by what we are, and not by what we profess to be. Then our little farm, our little money, our little store, our little education, our little reputation, shall all go for nothing. We shall stand in that trying moment in our naked selfhood. There is but one way to prepare for this; and that is by being true to our higher self, our fellow, and our God.—Rev. T. Devitt Peake.

Among those who have joined the Roman Catholic Church in England since the beginning of the Oxford movement, are enumerated 36 lords, 25 baronets, 302 graduates of Oxford, 149 graduates of Cambridge, 142 army officers, 92 lawyers, 48 doctors, and 1,010 ladies of aristocratic status.

Christianity is protected in Madagascar. The best authorities place the number of Protestants there at 350,000 and Roman Catholics at 35,000. Education is compulsory. One district alone makes a return of 100,000 pupils in the schools.

Mrs. Mary Berry Brenneman of Russiaville, Ind., is one hundred and sixteen years old, and lived under every President of the United States. She knew Washington personally.

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING.

Mr. Fred Evans, the popular young slate writing medium, by request, will hold a select developing class, every Tuesday and Thursday evening, at 8, on which evenings, Mr. Evans will sit to develop persons for the following phases: Slate writing, mechanical writing, rapping, and other physical manifestations. Mr. Evans will be assisted by Miss A. Hance, the wonderful young trance and test medium, who will develop persons for trance and clairvoyancy. We are all more or less mediumistic, and there are many jewels which, if brought to the surface, would lighten the darkness that at present surrounds your future, and help you to look forward to a reunion with loved ones gone before. A select number of acceptable persons required to make up the class. For particulars call or address Fred Evans, 100 Sixth street.

NEWS AGENCIES.

The GOLDEN GATE may be had of the following news dealers in San Francisco and Oakland:

Sumner & Blake, 503 Kearny St.,
H. F. Smith & Co., 245 Kearny St.,
J. C. Scott, 22 Third St., and cor. Market and Geary
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market St.,
Hook Bros., 20 Sixth St.,
Macovsky Bros., 600 Market St.,
Chas. Foster, Ferry Landing,
O. C. Cook, cor. Tenth and Broadway, Oakland,
T. R. Burns, S. W. cor. Ninth and Broadway, and
S. W. cor. Seventh and Broadway, Oakland,
Edward P. Taylor, 857 Broadway, Oakland.

BOOKS WANTED.

A copy of "Art Magic" and a copy of "Isis Unveiled." Please address this office stating price. 9-1m.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

IN ALBION HALL, 104 O'FARRELL STREET,
Sunday, Sept. 13th, at 2 o'clock, p. m., will be a meeting for expression and interchange of spiritual thought. The estimable Dr. Brown will occupy the platform and answer questions the first half hour. Other speakers invited. Music by Mrs. and Daisy Cressey; tests by Mrs. Lena Cooke; last half hour, Mrs. S. Seip will delineate sealed ballot and mental questions from the platform. All invited. Admission 10 cents.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 1 p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.
The first hour will be devoted to instrumental music, songs, recitations and social intercourse. Second hour—conference. Subject, "Mediums and Mediumship," opened by Mr. Fair, supported by Dr. C. C. Peet and other excellent speakers. The music is in charge of Mrs. Carrie Miner. Mrs. Elsie Reynolds will occupy the platform during the last half hour.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, September 13th; answers to questions at 11 a. m. Subject of lecture at 7:45 p. m., "Complete Living." A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all. The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.
OUR JEWISH FELLOW-CITIZENS.

Good manners are the flowers of civilization. The terms "social life," "society," pre-suppose the existence of the courtesy, deference and tact which are involved in the bearing and behavior we designate as "refined." In fact, dignified and pleasant manners make society possible, and are as necessary to it as oil to machinery. For their most perfect development easy circumstances affording some leisure are desirable. Poverty, struggle and personal insecurity are inimical to their growth.

The objection commonly entertained toward the large body of well-to-do and wealthy Jewish families, who, like ourselves, migrate in the summer to sea-side resorts, or to the mountains, and in winter seek admission to the best city, boarding-houses, has no reference whatever to their religion. In this day, and in this country, we have arrived at a point where well-bred, intelligent Parsees, Mohammedan, Buddhists are welcome without a thought of their peculiar views.

Cultivated, refined, nay, learned Hebrews—and there are many of these—become a part of the best society everywhere, while the large majority of their co-religionists are avoided whenever this is possible, because of their very noticeable deficiency as regards these "minor morals."

If it is not difficult to understand how so grave a defect of character became almost universal among middle-class Jews. For nearly eighteen centuries the Christian (he had the shameless audacity to appropriate that title) had his hand on the throat of the Israelite. To rob, and most cruelly murder him, was evidence of religious zeal. In Eastern Europe that particular pastime has not been wholly abandoned yet. In this state of insecurity and wretchedness manners necessarily claimed very little attention. All the faculties were strained to protect life and such poor property as might have been accumulated. A delicate consideration for the feelings of others, easy and polite manners were out of the question under such conditions, and it should hardly surprise us to find that it takes more than a few years experience of freedom and equal rights to overrule what the evil centuries engendered of self-seeking and obtuseness.

The position occupied by the Jewish woman militates against any rapid improvement in this direction. In their social and religious economy, she holds an inferior and subordinate place. No matter how well cared for in a material sense (and the Jewish husband is proverbially the best in the world), the mother and daughter know that they are not held worthy to advance beyond the outer court of the synagogue. Intellectual tastes and ambitions are not for them. They assume scarcely any responsibility, and feel no stimulus to self-culture. They read little and think less, satisfied to be well fed, housed, and clothed, and secure in their mental indolence.

Is one of these likely to be sensitive to her child's bragging of their means, of the family jewelry, or their remarkable acquirements of any kind? Will she try to impress on him or her the vulgarity of boasting? Will she explain to them the meaning of the word "intrusive," and urge them never to force themselves into company to which they have not been invited?

The Hebrews are among our best citizens. They are not found in our prisons or almshouses. They do not support our grogeries. Their children are never sent to our industrial school, nor do they wander in our streets with the hoodlums. No Jewish mendicant knocks at our doors. The money they pour out for their needy brethren shames our niggardly philanthropy. They sustain the public schools, and our best musical entertainments would be impossible but for their unflinching patronage; yet in nearly every family there is extreme need of a catechism of good manners. By this we do not mean of conventional manners, but those habits of gentleness and modesty which are the outward signs of a real lady and gentleman. For no matter how fine and well-made a man's coat, if he reach out at the table and stab a potato with his own fork, or empty half the jelly from the dish into his own plate, we know at once that he is vulgar. He may be worth a million, but if he talk in our parlor of bargains and trades, and rattle the change in his pockets, his money will not buy him a second invitation. Life is not worth living if we must be annoyed by the ill-breeding of those with whom we come in constant contact.

It is often remarked by foreigners, that, no matter from what lower grade in the social scale an American girl springs, if she be gentle and diligent, she may in time, adorn a high position. How many of our accepted society leaders inherited their standing from their grand-parents? Very few. Yet they are usually as ready, as graceful, as much at ease in their hospitalities as if they had always eaten with gold-lined spoons, and rested on satin pillows. This elasticity, this power of improving mind and manners, as the outward resources of living increase, allowing time for culture and refinement, is one of the notable features of our country. But this capacity the Jews seem to lack. There are very many rich Hebrew families among

us, but as a rule, their table and drawing-room manners are those of their ancestors in Warsaw or Liverpool. They are too eager to seize the best, and the most of it, too unready in those self-denying courtesies of social life, which make hotels and boarding-houses endurable.

This may sound like intense prejudice to one of the Jewish faith. We admit that there are many happy exceptions to this deplorable rule. Nevertheless, the rule is there. The manners of the middle-class Jews—of those who from European poverty, have attained to American wealth are bad, and their children's are bad too. It would be an easy thing to correct those of the last named for at home and in school the Jewish child is obedient and respectful. He is a good student, and often graduates with honors. But in the social world it is of more value to a man that he have refined manners, than that he read Latin; of more importance that he eat like a gentleman than that he know—even arithmetic.

Power of Personality.

[Christian Register.]

One "still, strong man in a blatant land," and how the millions have been moved by his life and his death! So mighty is this mysterious something we call personality. No matter what measureless force is diffused at large in open space, there is no Kosmos until a portion of this force centers in a nucleus, a globe, a cell, an organism. But the masterpiece of creation and the only image of its Lord is a conscious life.

Theories, creeds, culture, even ideals, are but raw material; they all go for nothing until they are centred, organized, embodied in personality. No wonder men have believed in divine incarnations; no wonder they have found such incarnations in the master-spirits of all ages.

"Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find."

"The greatest power on earth or in heaven is personal power," says Dr. S. A. Eliot. The same lesson comes from a Hindu editor, when he declares that the world is not to be won to goodness by principles, but "by personal piety and the evolution of spiritual power."

But what is spiritual power? Is it a wandering ghost? Is it an abstraction? Or is it love and wisdom made alive and organic? Can there be spiritual power where there is no spirit? Can there be love where there is no loving heart, or wisdom in the absence of mind?

Martin Luther waxed very bold when he says, "God needs good men almost as much as good men need God." Whether it be Grant in the chief command, Lincoln at the head of the council, Morse feeling for the electric keys, Arnold among the lads of Rugby, Paul on his apostolic journeys through pagan cities, or Jesus putting his life into the life of the race; of this we may be sure, when the right man comes, the right work is done. To be real is to be the agent of Omnipotence.

What a lesson for all those who are looking to see the world enlightened and uplifted and redeemed by any kind of mechanism or any form of doctrine alone! The mechanism will not move, unless a human heart is in it; the doctrine is dead, until it is charged with the faith and love of some living soul. The preacher is "only a noise" until he can rightfully say: "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life. I am the way, the truth, the life, which I proclaim." And how can the Church save the world, unless the Church is itself a society of the saved? How can any mortal man of us hope to lift others to a level we have not reached, or to add a single grain to our weight by merely taking airs?

The Care of Sleeping-Rooms.

[Dr. S. W. Bowles, in Good Housekeeping.]

No one can deny the need of proper care of the place where we pass at least one-third of the twenty-four hours of each day, while we are seeking the rest that best fit us for the labor and cares of the working hours; and, the fresher and better prepared we are, so much more satisfactory will be the results of our undertakings. It is poor economy to take care of our bodies all day, selecting what is best to eat and wisest to wear, and then neutralize all by weakening our systems by breathing air in our bedrooms poisoned by our own exhalations. There is no danger in pure air. Only those who have slept "in camp," absolutely bathed in pure air, realize to the full the expression "refreshing sleep." You arise hungry from your couch, exhilarated, elastic, ready for anything, and feel that life is worth living for itself alone. Every one in good health should leave the room where the night has been passed rested and refreshed, if the hygienic condition of the room is as it should be. Perchance, few can produce in the bed-chamber all the purity of atmosphere that is the perquisite of the dweller in tents; but, at least, we can strive for it, and the nearer we approach, the greater the rewards.

It always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity, two of the best qualities that heaven gives them, and demands that they share our sorrow before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments.—Dickens.

THE SEA.

The sea and men's dealings with it have always supplied many symbols to body forth men's earnest thoughts on the career, the fortunes, the experiences, the dangers, and the hopes of the human being, as he passes over the narrow straits of time into the ocean of eternity. To one familiar with the aspects of the sea, and yet not so familiar with them as to make them commonplace and limited to the mere associations of business—to such a one the sea is perhaps the most impressive part of the creation, and is fraught with moral suggestions of the most striking and elevated character. There is nothing in nature, except, perhaps, the evening sky—which is almost too familiar a spectacle to preserve its lessons fresh—there is nothing else that gives such an impression of infinity as the ocean. To the eye, and almost to the imagination, it is boundless. To the plummet, it is unfathomable. Its depths are secret and mysterious. Abroad on its open expanse, no objects intervene to help us to compass its vastness or to our sense of its grandeur. And the power which the sea exhibits deepens this feeling of infinity.

The sea, ever moving, never resting, heaving every moment from its foundations, and sending its huge tidal waves as by one act, and in unbroken series, around the globe—one hour so tranquil and beneficent, and the next a devouring monster—to-day bearing the navies of the earth gently upon its friendly bosom, and to-morrow, it may be, ready to wrench them to pieces by its violence, and to engulf them in its opening depths—it is as it were a living omnipotence—omnipotence in action—the visible type of almighty power put forth in sensible reality. In other departments of nature the omnipotence of God is rather an inference of the understanding—something that was displayed at some remote and uncertain period of creation. The sea is a present image and expression of it. And then the sea is so unchanging. The land is always varying its aspect. The seasons diversify it constantly. The face of it is altered by the works of man from generation to generation, and from year to year. The very heavens are changed, as to the place and arrangement of the stars, every night and every hour. But the sea changes not. The first families of men saw it as we see it.

Age after age, men have looked forth and ventured upon it; and through all time it has been to them what it is to us—presenting to the eye and to the ear and to the feeling the same boundless expanse, the same mounting and breaking of its waves, the same solemn moan and roar, the same unwearied flowing and ebbing of its tides. When we look upon Niagara, who is not constrained, among the multitude of thoughts which crowd upon one in that stupendous scene, to ask himself, Is it possible that it has been rolling over thus, flowing on and sounding on, so vast and so majestic, through the long ages? And, when we have come home, does not the question arise: Can it be that it still keeps on, just the same, day and night, summer and winter, and is to keep on so forever? The same questionings are natural to one who muses by the seashore. There it is, the mighty deep, rolling on the same forever. The waves advancing, breaking, and retreating to-day just as they did unknown ages ago, and will keep on doing without rest or interruption for unknown ages to come. I do not know anything in the other aspects of nature, certainly not in any numerical calculations—or any efforts of abstract thought, that gives so vivid and solemn an impression of the vast stretch of time, of the unbounded continuity of existence, so near an approximation to a sense and an appreciation of eternity.

Such are the elements of the feeling of infinity connected with the sea. And that is the bond of sympathy between it and the soul. Any impression of the infinite which we ever obtain awakens a sense of something that corresponds to it in our own nature and being. There is something infinite, immeasurable, incomprehensible in our own souls. The sea is almost brother to the human spirit—the type, the mirror, of some of the same great attributes imaged forth within us. Here within us are desires, restless and insatiable; affections that never find objects adequate to fill and exhaust them; thoughts that pass beyond all bounds of material things; faculties that have never found their limit-susceptibilities of enjoyment and of suffering which it is almost appalling to think of; fears which the image of unutterable horrors has not been able to outrun; and hopes which this world can do little more than provoke, and a thousand worlds, such as we are yet able to conceive of, could not satisfy or outstrip.

And then that ever-haunting sense of a something within that shall not die,—the overshadowing consciousness of an immortal nature and an endless career,—a feeling which may be shaped into a fixed and definite faith, or may be a dreamy speculation, or even but a half-conscious anticipation, yet which can never be divorced from the living soul, can never die out of it wholly, can never be reasoned out of it, nor denied nor scoffed out of it, but must mix itself, consciously or unconsciously, with the deep fountains of the heart's emo-

tions, and move and act among the very roots of our being.

Yes, there is an infinity investing and permeating our mental life. Every man feels it sometimes, though he use not the name or know not what it means. There is a sense of it that accompanies all great thought, all profound feeling, all living and elevated moods of mind, and helps to raise and magnify them. Whatever in the outward universe helps that feeling, and becomes its type, its memorial, and its guide, is as improving, as uplifting to the soul, as it is beautiful to the imagination and dear and welcome to the heart. And it is because the great ocean has this likeness to spiritual reality, this sympathy and kinship with the human spirit, that it has been so rich in its moral suggestions to the meditative mind, and has supplied so many emblems of human life in the common thought and speech of men.—Rev. George Putnam, D. D.

WHY ARE THEY NOT SPIRITUALISTS.

[Spiritual Offerings.]

The constant and persistent misinterpretations of the principles and objects of Spiritualism, is answerable for much of the tardiness manifest in its recognition. Many cultured and intuitive minds are prepared for its acceptance when presented in its true light. Sermons, aglow with spiritual truth, and interblended with the revelations of modern Spiritualism, are the most readily accepted and highly commended. The most advanced thinkers in the church are seeking a clearer light than can be obtained through the dark channels of theology, yet hesitate to identify themselves with a movement, whose advocates represent a large portion of its mediums as fraudulent, its philosophy atheistical and its tendencies irreligious. When Spiritualism is explained from a spiritual standpoint many Christians exclaim, as did an intelligent lady at the close of a discourse in Mt. Pleasant: "If that is Spiritualism I am a Spiritualist."

Christian ministers who draw so freely from the fountain of modern inspiration know Spiritualism to be the highest and most perfect revelation of this or any previous age, and if they would frankly tell their hearers where they obtained their ideas of another life, thousands now comparatively ignorant of the subject would be led to investigate.

Considering these facts, it appears strange that as soon as a minister proclaims his belief in modern Spiritualism, his services are no longer required by his church. Liberal ministers have investigated the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, are familiar with its higher phases, yet cannot fully proclaim their belief without sacrificing their position, exposing those depending upon them to want, and losing the opportunity of educating their congregations to the acceptance of the religion of Spiritualism. Even those who eulogize his sermons advocating spiritualistic principles, would withdraw their financial support, should their pastor proclaim himself a Spiritualist. This state of things is probably due to the fact that the people who enjoy Spiritualism under some other name, have really no correct idea of what it is, and to that still more lamentable fact that Spiritualists have no home for those who are ready to enter the ranks. For thirty-seven years they have been clearing the way preparatory to building. It is to be hoped the iconoclastic work is nearly complete, and the time for reconstruction is at hand.

If Spiritualists who believe Spiritualism to indicate more than constant warfare with theological errors would organize upon a spiritual or religious basis, they would not only retain their able and eloquent advocates developed within their own ranks, now drifting into organizations where the religious nature and its demands are recognized, but they would also attract the most spiritually unfolded minds of all denominations.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD.—The following extract from a letter of Colonel Ingersoll, to a friend upon the death of an aged relative, is one of the most eloquent sentences we have ever read. If such grand words come from one who views earth existence as the all of life, who can estimate the power of such a man, could he intuitively behold the glories of continued existence in the higher realms:

"There is, after all, something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young and beautiful. But when the duties of life have been nobly done, when the sun touches the horizon; when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past and the future; when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of the vanished days, then, surrounded by friends, death comes like a strain of music—it is a welcome relief. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly stop at the inn.

Captain John Ayers of Santa Fe, New Mexico, who went to New Mexico with the California volunteers in early days, and for a time was in command of Fort Marcy, publishes a two-column article review, stating he has discovered the original warm and mineral springs which the Aztecs filled up and hid at the time of the Spanish invasion. The spring is about four miles east of Santa Fe.

A New Jersey man has gone to Florida and established a cocoanut farm. It comprises 2,500 acres, and has 200,000 cocoanut trees.

PHYSICAL BASIS OF RETRIBUTION.

[Christian Register.]

It would furnish exquisite means of torture in a coming existence to present each man with the record of his earthly life, as material for his study. Given a knowledge of brain tissue and an insight into the ultimate relation subsisting between intelligent acts and arrangement of atoms, his Nemesis might well be an exact model, to the finest detail, of the matter which had filled his skull during his earthly existence.

Imagine him shut into some solitude with it for his sole companion and material for occupation, compelled to follow the zig-zag lines of his life's writing, to spell out and piece together the careless records his slovenly hand had wrought! One who merely reviews his sins with the aid of recollection at second hand—that is, as one may say, with the brain not before his eyes—cannot honestly review them. He sees cross motives, he clutches at extenuating circumstances. But, with the merciless arrangement of cells in his hand, he could only follow out a cold, mathematical certainty. "Thus you did!" declares the record. "Let your enlightened soul answer why you did it, or what you will choose to do in the future."

Such retribution fulfills the very purpose of all legitimate punishment. It acts as a higher education than earth bestows, not only stirring remorse into intense life, but quickening the man to profit by wretched experience.

Such might be the spur and good applied to the soul after she has finished this earthly phase of her existence; but there is possible, before the limit of life is passed, a kindred study of the mind, which shall not be entirely retrospective. It seems a pity that, in the education of the young, there is not more stress laid on the physiological basis of habit. A child is reprovoked for the exercise of impure thoughts, with the abstract and certainly ultimate reason given him that they are wrong. The chances are that no one says to him, in effect:—

"You are predisposing your brain to act in the future as you allow it to act now. Every worthless book you read, every coarse thought you indulge, has a real effect on the arrangement of that living tissue given you as a mechanism of mental action. Your brain is the absolutely obedient servant of your will. It does not refuse to follow the dictates of a wicked or a diseased will. It absolutely cannot refuse. Reaping what a man sows is half a question of physiology."

The brain is not only the instrument by which are wrought out future deeds; it is the journal of the past, and of that journal the pages are singularly tenacious of their ink. To touch pitch, in the case of mental action, is to be forever defiled. To have sinned is to bear the story of the sin tattooed upon the living flesh of memory. If the record is covered and forgotten, it is nevertheless there. It may not be wanted in years. An infinite intelligence, indeed, is required to know when some of it may be demanded; but, whether it be early or late, the sinner bears it about with him. No permanent torture can be conceived more exquisite than this one of inability to efface from memory the story of evil deeds.

A beautiful soul once quoted in time of her own despair the comforting saying that only the good is the true, that a man's best self is his real self. It seems as if that needed qualification. A man's best self is surely a prophecy of what his real self may become, but the distortion of that self which he has himself created has also a very real existence. We would have children taught that, in spite of heredity, in spite of the gifts of God, they as far as their moral natures are concerned, are to be self-creators. The fear of punishment may be wrought into a just and holy fear. They may be made to believe in the swift and unerring retribution which falls upon mind and soul and body alike through all wrong action.

The force which constitutes early life must necessarily act through the one instrument placed at his disposal. The music of the violin cannot come through the flute, nor can that of the piano be beaten from the drum. And what if the instrument, of greater or less dignity as it may have been made, is cracked or jarred by the carelessness of the man who has discord or harmony at his own option?

Just what relation our wonderful bodies bear to the animating force we call the soul probably no philosopher in this phase of life will ever discover. That the connection is intimate almost to oneness, no one can deny. The action of soul upon body, the power of spirit over matter, we seem universally to acknowledge; the reaction of tissue upon mental life is not sufficiently considered.

The largest block of aluminium ever cast is made from American ore, and forms the apex of the Washington monument. It is nine inches and a half high, and measures five inches and a half on each side of the base, but weighs only one hundred ounces. The surface is whiter than silver, and is so highly polished that it reflects like a plate-glass mirror.—Washington Post.

Russia and the United States are said to be the only countries in the world that have a sufficient number of horses for army purposes in case of war.

SPIRIT MUSIC.

[A correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, writing from Onset, Mass., thus speaks of certain musical phenomena occurring at that place.]

In a hurried account of the independent spirit-voices that sang in the new Temple at Onset, which appeared in the *Banner of Light* of August 8th, occurs an omission which should be corrected.

I refer to past prophecies by many mediums, including Mrs. Conant of the *Banner* Free Circles, with reference to a coming time when the spirits shall not only walk and talk with men, but shall stand upon our rostrums in materialized form and teach the people in their own voice. The singing reported in a previous article is a part-fulfillment of this promise—the voices of these spirits filling the large hall with their melody in the broad light of a sunny day, there being four uncurtained windows at the rear of the stage. Nothing but the diffidence of the medium prevented filling the Temple with an audience that would have departed delighted and instructed by the variety of song and songsters, and the fullness, sweetness and power of their music. There are about thirty singers connected with this band of directing spirits, who have been in training for the past three years, and have succeeded in producing ravishing effects. It should be understood that the compass of the voices of the personal friends increases in the same ratio as that of the independent voices.

In a dark room the spirits often join in the singing of the sitters, at the commencement of the seance. They rise over the top of the curtains, commencing their song inside and continuing it as they move through the air, and then sweep down near the heads and faces of the circle, floating swiftly to the right and left, and singing all the while. Sometimes they carry a light as they flit rapidly to and fro. But the independent singing is mostly done by spirits who poise themselves outside the curtains and remain in one place while performing a part or the whole of a song. The singing is done in different languages, and is as likely to be heard in one language as another. The best connoisseurs have expressed themselves as entirely satisfied with the accuracy of tone and time, and with the cultivation of voice. These singers are mostly male, and their voices vary as individuals vary. Female singing is often interspersed.

It is as well to state here that the medium, Mrs. Beste, is neither a linguist nor a singer. She has a correct ear for music, but lacks capability of execution. It is not unsafe to promise one or more spirit-concerts in the Onset Temple another season.

General John A. Logan's book, concerning which several erroneous statements have appeared in the news-papers, will be published by Alex. R. Hart of this city, and will probably be issued about the 1st of February next. Mr. Hart said yesterday that he held a written contract with General Logan for the exclusive publication of the work during the term of the copyright, and that there was no truth in the statement of a Washington correspondent of a New York morning paper that the book was to appear first as a serial in a Washington paper. Nor was it true, as had been frequently stated, that the book was to be a history of General Logan's campaigns, or a collection of his personal reminiscences of the rebellion. The title had not yet been decided upon. The subject of the book is the conspiracy that led up to the Rebellion; the history will not extend beyond the breaking out of the War. The book will contain many new and some startling facts and documents. "There is another misstatement made by a New York morning paper," says Mr. Hart, "that I wish you would correct. It was to the effect that the book would contain a severe attack on General Sherman. My impression is that General Sherman's name is not mentioned at all in the book. He certainly is not attacked."

The making of the inventory of Victor Hugo's MSS. has raised some curious questions. *Les Deux Jumeaux* has disappeared. Hauteville House and all possible receptacles in Paris have been ransacked without success. And the history of this uncompleted drama is a curious one. Act by act was read by the poet, as it was written (in 1839), to Madame Hugo, the eldest daughter Léopoldine, the painter Boulanger, Vacquerie, and Paul Meurice. One of these must have mentioned the subject, which is that of the Man in the Iron Mask, to Dumas pere, for Victor Hugo soon afterward found his plot and his strongest situation reproduced in one of the romancist's most famous novels. The particular scene which convinced Hugo that he had been betrayed is that in which Anne of Austria, confronted with her two sons, hesitates to pronounce which of them is really Louis XIV. Among the completed pieces discovered are, a fairy drama in which forests and flowers are the speakers; *L'Epee*, a heroic legend; *Mangeront-ils?* a socialistic drama, and *La Grand'mere*.

A peculiarity of high-pressure steam is that it does not scald the hand applied near the orifice from which it is issuing. This arises from the fact that on its first escape it expands so rapidly that its heat becomes latent. In other words, the heat is so reduced by expansion that it is cold to the hand.

Language of Hand-Shaking.

In the performance of this social custom personal peculiarities may be easily noted. Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or any donation at all—from a man who will give two fingers to be shaken and keeps the others bent as upon an "itching palm"? The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives token of a warm disposition, and a heart full of sympathy for humanity. How much that is in the heart can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it, has forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand from a dying friend when the tongue has ceased to speak? If a grasp is warm, ardent and vigorous, so is the disposition. If it is cool, formal and without emotion, so is the character. If it is magnetic and animating, the disposition is the same. As we shake hands, so we feel, so we are.

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FROM THE OLD HOUSE TO THE NEW.

I'll sit a moment by the road: I will not keep you long;
But, dearie, I am very tired. Somehow the memories throng
About me so; the sky looks dark, for all 'tis bright and blue;
It breaks my heart, this leaving, dear, the old house for the new.

It's different, child, when folks are young: they wake and
work and sleep,
And take life's changes as they come: old roots have struck,
too deep
To bear transplanting well, you know. I'm just like that
you see;

Don't look for any second growth from such a blighted tree.
For nigh on fifty years, my dear, I've crossed that threshold
o'er,
And hung my hat upon the peg that's just behind the door;
Your mother's stand and rocking-chair were ever plain in
sight,
And when she smiled to welcome me, her look was like the
light.

You were our youngest, little Jenn, the lambkin of the fold:
I know in your sweet eyes, my love, we both were always
old;
But when I brought my bonny bride to share that little
home

Her like was not in far or near, wherever you might roam.
With hair like waves of crinkled gold, and cheeks like roses
red,
A step so swift, a laugh so gay, she had when we were wed;
Oh, up and down the country-side her match was not that
day.

I never thought I could be glad that she had gone away.
But now I'm thankful mother's safe where trials never come,
Where happy souls no more go out, once gathered in that
home;

I would not have her here to feel the loneliness and pain
Which will be mine the rest of life, in sunshine and in rain.
Forgive me, dear. My selfish grief is clouding you, I know,
But bear with me, my little one, and now I'll rise and go;
I'll try to be, for your sweet sake, as cheerful as I can,
And meet this trial as I would were I a younger man.

It would have lasted out my time; they might have let me
stay
And die in peace where I have lived in peace my life's long
day.
But, Jeanie, guide me on, my dear—you say the sky is
blue?
It's dark to me, now that I leave the old house for the new.

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO THE BODY

So we must part forever. And although
I long have beat my wings and cried to go
Free from your narrow limits and control,
Forth into space, the true home of the soul;

Yet now, yet now that hour is drawing near,
I pause reluctant, finding you so dear,
All joys await me in the realm of God;
Must you, my comrade, molder in the sod?

I was your captive, yet you were my slave;
Your prisoner, yet obedience you gave
To all my earnest wishes and commands.
Now to the worm I leave those willing hands

That toiled for me, or held the book I read,
Those feet that trod where'er I bade them tread,
Those arms that clasped my dear ones, and the breast
On which one loved and loving heart found rest.

Those lips that "which my prayers to God have risen,
Those eyes that were the windows of my prison,
From these, all these, Death's angel bids me sever,
Dear Comrade Body, fare you well forever.

I go to my inheritance; and go
With joy that only the freed soul can know;
Yet, in my spirit journeying I trust
I may sometimes pause near your sacred dust.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
Oh, Love Divine, O, Helper, ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine;
And kindly faces to my own uplifting,
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O, Father, let Thy Spirit
Be with me then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions,
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—J. G. Whittier.

SEALED ORDERS.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar,
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whether her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"—
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
Be the voyage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

—Helen Chauncey, in *Sailors' Magazine*.

THE PROMISE OF PEACE.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great, gray sea;
The acorn, forever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree;
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;

The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form;
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be,
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and me.

—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

Answer to Monsignor Capel on Scriptural Grounds.

BY A LAYMAN.

Monsignor Capel has evidently intended to exhaust the arguments in favor of the divine authority of the Catholic Church, in his tract entitled "The Catholic Church." It is prepared with elaborate care and sedulously distributed amongst the members of that church, in San Francisco. The near relations he bears to the Pope, and the high consideration he receives from that church, as an expounder of its theology, entitle his argument to be received as the argument of the church, and as such we will accept it. We do not deem it necessary to go beyond the translation of the New Testament, already furnished, to determine what that compilation contains; and Monsignor Capel may have the full advantages of his own premises, to wit, that until the testaments were written the sayings and doings of Christ were preserved by tradition, and that Matthew was written six years after the resurrection of Christ, and John sixty-three years thereafter; observing however, that the author of the gospel by John claimed that the things therein contained were witnessed and written by John himself. Now it is apparent, that the argument for the Catholic Church, as the authorized establishment for Spiritual government and the only medium through which salvation can be obtained, is drawn, first from the authority of Christ, the Master; second from the authority of Paul, the servant.

Two cardinal divisions are also maintained as the ground work of that church, complete; first, the Episcopate or congregation of bishops; second, the great head of the church with ultimate or vicegerant authority.

From all the teachings of Christ but one passage is found which might at all be construed to authorize that church, occurring only in Matthew.

"Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church and the gates of hades, shall not prevail against it."

Assuming that we have had recorded the exact language delivered by the Master, the interpretation given thereon by the Catholic Church seems totally unreasonable and unwarranted.

After questioning his disciples as to who men say that he is, he asks them, "But who say ye that I am?" Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered, "Blessed art thou Simon Bar Jonah for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I also say unto thee thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hades shall not prevail against it."

Whatever interpretation is to be placed on this passage, it seems clear that no such meaning as that maintained by the Catholic church could be rationally implied therefrom. Nothing could be more repugnant to his divine teachings than the erection of his church or the support of his cause on the impulsive, vacillating and erring Peter, or upon any human being whatever. Shortly afterwards we have it recorded by the same author, Matthew, when Peter assumed to rebuke his Master, "He turned and said unto Peter, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art a stumbling block unto me, for thou mindest not the things of God but the things of men.'" The language of this rebuke is much more simple than the former extolation. If the extremely shallow interpretation claimed by Monsignor Capel is to be placed on the former, much more is the plain literal interpretation to be given to the latter, and we have the preposterous conclusion forced upon us that Christ has built his church upon Satan! Far be it from us to uphold either such interpretation or conclusion, or detract from the faith and conviction that crown our belief in the perfection of the teachings of Christ.

We have, however, a more consistent and beautiful interpretation from the context. Peter had, as it were by some sudden flash of divine inspiration, given the true answer to the question, namely, the relation of Sonship and Fatherhood, the great distinguishing conception that placed the mission of Christ above all others, and stamped the relations between God and man as a relation of love. And it was upon this truth as the rock that Christ here declared he would found his church. Everywhere throughout the Gospel by John it is placed foremost; and in like manner we are taught in the Lord's prayer our own relations to the Father when we draw near to him and mingle in his love. But by that church we are not to understand a visible organization, for this was never directed by Christ, but rather a unity with Christ and God in love evidenced by faith and practice. Peter in this place is called a rock, only as to his conviction here expressed which was based on the solid foundation of truth. In the other place he is called Satan, that is, he becomes the tempter and shows his worldly mindedness. Christ laid his foundation on great thoughts on divine, immutable truths, and not on fickle, sinful man. The keys of the kingdom, and the binding and unloosing are emblematic of his consecration to the ministry, and the inspiration to be given him whereby he could open the door to the heart and admit the kingdom of heaven therein. It is purely personal, and

such as was, afterwards given to all the apostles, and cannot by the most remote inference from the language be applied to any pretended successor, or to any other. It seems incredible that if a consequence of such infinite importance to all the world, and all coming generations, was to flow from the meaning of that passage as is maintained by the Catholic Church, that the great Master, whose fundamental instructions are presented as clear as light, should at least have shrouded it in doubt, and not elsewhere have confirmed it, and that no record should have been made of it in any of the other independent gospels. It could not therefore have been understood in that light by the authors of such gospels; but if in the light we have expressed it, its omission is abundantly supplied by the passages throughout those testaments declaring the relation of Sonship and Fatherhood.

Nowhere else in all the life and teachings of Christ do we find any intimation of the superiority of Peter, or his selection as the head of the church. When his disciples were sent out two by two to minister and heal the sick, he gave no superiority to Peter. And when, after his resurrection, he commanded his Apostles to go unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, he gave no one pre-eminence over the other. Was such appointment signified or confirmed during the bitter experience of the Savior at Gethsemane as Peter slept, when he was directed to watch and pray? Or when the Master was betrayed into the hands of his enemies he publicly denied him? Or yet when he was suffering the agonies of the cross as Peter stood afar off beyond the reach of danger or contumely?

Peter himself never recognized such superior authority, and in his two epistles, the only records we have preserved of his writings, he makes no such claim. In fact he does not even address a church, nor does he ever appear to have had any relation to an organized church.

Reader, do you believe that Peter could have been the Head of the Church or churches, and neither he nor the members thereof ever have known it? If any Apostle could have claimed pre-eminence surely it would have been John. He was the beloved disciple on whose breast Jesus leaned. He stood by Jesus when on the cross, and was personally consecrated at that terrible crisis, the son of Mary, mother of Christ. And it was Peter who betrayed his jealousy of John, when after the resurrection, at the close of Christ's mission on earth, he answered the question of Peter: "If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee?"

Now what is the testimony of Paul to the divine authority of the Catholic Church? His acts and writings occupy a large share of the New Testament.

He it was that founded the churches in the Grecian provinces in Rome and in Asia Minor. The acts of Paul and his epistles show him to have been the founder, the instructor and the director of the churches which he organized. In all his writings there is not an iota of reference to Peter as the head of the Church, or of any Church, nor any reference to Peter whatsoever.

Peter himself organized no church, instructed no church, was the head of no church.

Paul expressly declares Christ alone to be the foundation and head of the Church. In II. Corinthian she says: "For other foundations can no man lay than that which is laid which is Christ Jesus."

Again in Colossians: "And he is the beginning, the first born from the dead, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence."

Paul indeed recognized the value of a body or church, for he was not only a great missionary but an organizer, and well knew the advantages of associations for self-confirmation, improvement and unity of action. These churches were independent of each other and were provided with no creeds, no ritual, no codes. As associations, bodies or churches, they were in their organizations purely human and in imitation of human institutions, and were adapted to the propagation of the gospel; but nowhere in the Testament is it declared that a connection with any church was essential to a saving belief in Christ. Paul the organizer, the instructor, the director of the Christian Churches, the expounder of the gospel truths, whose letters are so broad, so far reaching, so particular, would have unmistakably so stated had such a connection been so essential.

Monsignor Capel well assumes that there must have been a time distinctly marked when the Church was first established. It was not done at or before the resurrection, then when was it done? This he discovers was on the day of the Pentecost. And how is this proposition established? First, he says, it was promised by our Saviour at his last Supper; and this is the language of the promise: "And I will ask the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, the Spirit of Truth whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not nor knoweth him; but you shall know him, because he abideth with you and shall be in you." * * * "The Comforter, the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things and bring all things to you." * * * "When the Comforter shall come whom I

will send you from the Father, he shall give testimony of me. It is expedient for you that I go, for if I go not the Comforter will come to you; but if I go I will send him to you. And when he shall come he will convince the world of sin, of justice and of judgment. When he the Spirit of Truth shall come, he will teach you all truth, for he shall not speak of himself; but what things soever he shall hear he shall speak, and the things that are to come he will show you."

Now in this promise not a word is said about a church or its organization, but only the Comforter, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not nor knoweth him, but whom his apostles shall know because it abideth with them and in them. Nothing is said of a corporate external church, but only an internal monitor, prompter and Comforter, the Spirit of Truth from the Father, or the influx of love, and the voice of inspiration. And now for the fulfillment of that promise which was rightly set on the day of the Pentecost. It came when the apostles were sitting together. "Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them cloven tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."

Not a word is here expressed referring to or sanctioning a church; much less is there any sanction or prefiguring of such an organization as the Catholic Church, or the head thereof, through whose potent power the door of heaven is shut and opened. Plainly the promise and its fulfillment had direct reference to, and operation in the inspiration of the apostles, causing them to see visions and hear voices unseen and unknown to the world, to prophesy and speak in tongues unknown to themselves, thereby truly baptizing them for the ministry. Is it pretended that the Episcopate organization of bishops, or that every pope, or any pope by his consecration receives such powers? If not, what inheritance have they in the promise or the Pentecost?

These powers and inspirations were given to the apostles as individuals, and to many others, and were, during the days of the apostles, recognized as the evidence of their calling. They were practiced by them as gifts, including the power of healing the sick, in imitation of the great Master. Not that all who practiced such gifts were ministers of the Christ, but only such as practiced in the Spirit of Truth.

Paul had evident reference to this pentacostal consecration and the promise at the Supper when he says in I. Corinthians: "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit, and there are diversities of ministrations and the same Lord, and there are diversities of workings but the same God, who worketh all things in all. But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal. For to one is given, through the Spirit, the word of wisdom, and to another the word of knowledge according to the same Spirit, to another faith in the Spirit, and to another gifts of healings in the one Spirit, and to another workings of miracles, and to another prophecy, and to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues, and to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh the one and the same Spirit, dividing to each one severally as he will."

Paul himself was specially consecrated years after the Pentecost, in like manner by a vision from heaven, and thereafter was possessed of like gifts.

Whether or not the possession of the gifts are essential qualifications of the ministry, the consecration at the Pentecost was a consecration with the gifts, and that Church which would show its organization at the Pentecost should show that its head and body are endowed with such such gifts.

The other night, after the thunder shower, Jones dropped in on a neighbor and found about a dozen people assembled.

"Well, well, you look cheerful after such a close call," growled Jones as he removed his hat.

"What close call?"

"Why, lightning struck the barn in the alley not a hundred feet away."

"Oh, dear!" said one of the women, "but I knew it. One of my arms has been numb ever since."

"And it affected my foot," said another.

"And it set my heart to palpitating."

"And my elbow has felt queer ever since."

Every one in the room remembered to have been shocked, and every one was thankful over the narrow escape.

By and by a boy, who had been thinking deeply, gushed out:

"Why, there is no barn in the alley?"

Amid the deepest silence everybody remembered this fact, and the boy clinched it with:

"And how could there be, when there is no alley!"

Jones had lied, but so had all the others.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

An Ohio town boasts of a dog that can sing. That's nothing. I frequently hear a cur-sing—when the boss is out of temper.

"HIGH PRIVATE" AGAIN HEARD FROM.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The last number of your excellent paper is before me, and I find it like all of the preceding numbers in two particulars. First, it is "clean and pure," without being ostentatious or dogmatic; and secondly, like each of them "it is the best number yet." This is the verdict I hear on all sides, and as a matter of course it must be true.

A question in soul philosophy arose in my mind on reading your caption to my little note some three numbers back. You label it: "Kind Words from a High Private." It was intended really to convey a spirit of kindness on its modest wings, but why should you, noticing this, have made a public recognition of it? Was it because the kind feeling was simply acceptable to you, or because it was actually beneficial to you? Was your heart made happier or your pen in any degree stronger by the simple perusal? We think the latter is the case, hence the recognition. And is this instance an exception to the general rule? The varied experiences of my own life answer no, and were the individual experiences of all your readers to be taken, I make no doubt that they would go to prove it the general law that operates upon the hearts of all mankind.

Yes, they would bear their testimony to the fact that kind thought is a force in the world that is potential for good. Some would tell you how they had fought the battle of life till hope had well nigh fled, when a ray of light (a word of kindness) from an unexpected, and, perhaps, unknown quarter, had suddenly reanimated them, revived their drooping courage and bore them on to final triumph. Ask them the substance or nature of this light, this "saving grace," and you will find it to be the kind word, the responsive sigh, the sympathetic tear, the prayer or the tender caress of some noble, loving soul, who thus, in the time of need, helps to bear their burdens and lift them out of "the slough despond" on to the bright, beautiful waves of influence just noted, that go in part to make up the great ocean of psychological force that finds a lodgement in every mind, thus serving to help to bind the souls of all humanity to a common center and animate them with a common desire.

A truth is here presented, not fully appreciated by all. There is an active, potential force in the gentle, loving influences just enumerated, however oblivious we may be to them. Directly and indirectly the earnest prayer (desire, wish or will) of a great people, blending harmoniously for a continuance of life, had much to do in prolonging the earthly existence of the lamented Garfield.

Again, the spirit, Theodore Parker, claims that the cruel machinations of the bigoted clergy throughout the land, centered upon himself through the vehicle of unholy prayer for his conversion to orthodoxy, or his removal from earth for and through God's just wrath (will-power, psychological force) had the effect of hastening if not of directly causing his death.

Is an individual's death any the less to be regretted by being compassed by prayer rather than the sword? And is he who prays thus effectively and vicariously any less a murderer than he who successfully wields the dagger, or administers material poison?

If Spiritualists, those long in the ranks, would give less heed to the phenomena, and pay more attention to the philosophy of Spiritualism, they would be able as teachers to throw valuable light upon this and similar questions, light or knowledge of which a large part of mankind is now in "blissful ignorance." We should feel that while we are in this life waiting for the boatman to bear us o'er the river, that it is but the part of prudence, to say nothing of wisdom, to make ourselves as familiar as possible with its needs and requirements, that we may be competent to "set our house in order" before our departure.

I do not feel at liberty to trespass longer upon your time, but in closing will say to all my fellow "High Privates," who may be in line fighting for all who need help, and for the truth as we comprehend it, that we see to it that we think no evil against any one; and if unkind thoughts at times find a place within our minds, we should use the greatest amount of self-control to prevent an expression. If you succeed in this particular you will rob them of mischief, and by a little more soul force be able to drive them from you entirely and forever.

Let our hearts be filled with good wishes and kind thoughts for all, so that when they take wings and fly away on their errands of mercy and love, all may feel the sweetness and joy of their presence who may come within the range of their influence. Their reaction upon us can only be productive of the most perfect satisfaction and happiness to ourselves, both here and hereafter. Let us not only preach this but act

"With kindness toward all,
With malice toward none."

H. C. MONROE,

The High Private.

San Francisco, Sept. 8.

"Why don't you challenge him, Colonel?"

"Because duelling is agin the law in this State," replied the Colonel; "but if ever I get a good chance I'll assassinate him."

—*Sun*.